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P O E M S.

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G E O R G E D Y E R.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;

BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT-COURT,
FLEET-STREET.

1802.



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1802
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ERRATA, VOL. II.

Essay on Representative Poetry, p. 15. l. 13. for *Editor* read *Editors*.—p. 22. l. 3. for *Præcæta* read *Prætexta*; note † belongs to p. 23.

Poems, p. 35. l. 7. for *art* read *wit*.—p. 59. l. 13. for *than* read *then*.—p. 63. l. 6. for *fears* read *fear*.

ESSAY

ON

REPRESENTATIVE POETRY.

A FEW reflections have already been introduced on the character of lyrical compositions. We now return to the subject: the view, however, to be here taken of it will be different from that in the Introductory Essay. Indeed, though lyrical poetry is the proper subject of the following remarks, yet the chapter assumes a more characteristic title. Odes put on various forms, and move to very different measures: I shall now consider such only as are of an imitative, or, to speak, perhaps, more properly, of a representative nature.

Poetry, in reference to the person employed in it, is threefold. The poet must either speak in his own person, or he must assume a character ; or he must sometimes speak in his own person, and sometimes in the character of another. In the first case, we may call his compositions, narrative ; in the second, representative and dramatic ; in the last, the mixt character *.

All poetry, which is not original, that is, founded in the exercise of the poet's own genius, on his own feelings, on human manners, or natural objects, must be either translation, imitation of other poets, or representative of other persons and manners.

Translation is the conveying of a writer's sentiments from one language into another. This

* Scaliger, Poet. L. v. cap. 3.

exercise may be performed either, as it were, verbatim, by what is called literal translation ; or by a more liberal, though still a legitimate, interpretation of an author's meaning ; with the distinct excellencies and defects of which, whether a translator should consider himself merely as the *fidus interpres*, or attempt, in some measure, the manner of an original, I shall not, at present, intermeddle ; only adding, that the true meaning of his author should be preserved, yet the idioms of the two languages be kept distinct. On the subject of Imitation I beg leave to be a little copious.

All poetry, in its generic nature, has been considered, and has been so defined by Plato, Aristotle*, and subsequent critics, as Imitation ; in reference,

* See Aristotle, *περί Ποιητικῆς*, pars prima.

however, to nature only, as its great model or exemplar. Epic poetry, comedy, tragedy, lyric poetry, are all, in this sense, imitation. Other arts, painting, sculpture, and in some sort, music, are also in like manner, though in different degrees, imitative, —for I by no means coincide with those critics, who have entirely excluded music from the imitative arts*.

Our attention has been hitherto confined to that style of composition, in which the writer appears in his own person. Here he is evidently limited in his subjects, as well as in his mode of treating them. For though poetry, by its very

* See Beattie on Poetry and Music, p. 138. who largely discusses the subject, that music is not an imitative art. I am happy to accord in sentiment on this subject with two ingenious writers. See Webb's Observations on Poetry and Music, and Twining's second Essay, prefixed to his translation of Aristotle's Poetics.

nature, is a species of creation, and possesses in itself a degree of magic, giving the writer new eyes, new ears, new feelings *, and lifting him above his ordinary material self ; yet, after all, if the poet is but speaking in his own person, he is confined by his own individuality : his own system of sensations and passions, his own assemblage of associations, sentiments, and manners, mark out his proper boundaries : let his imagination be as exquisite, as Plato considers it, and as the most powerful genius will allow, still the minutest scintillations of invention, and the most dazzling coruscations of fancy, have all their center in himself. He is the focus, whence they all diverge, or to which they all ultimately tend.

* Plato speaks of poetry, as a kind of fury, or divine symmetry, in his *Phædrus*, agreeably to Horace, “*cui mens diviniior.*”

But, when the poet represents another person, he of necessity resigns his own individuality ; and over and above all the creative energies, which he, by his very character, possesses, he is introduced, by the assumption of a foreign character, into a new system of sensations and passions, into new relations, new associations, and new capacities. He ceases to be himself ; he no longer appears the mere narrator of his own affections or his own sentiments, but a man of other times, an actor of other manners, an appropriator of other habits.

Representative poetry, then, (for to that I allude,) comprehends various species : pastoral, comic, and tragic poetry, and a certain style of lyrics, all belong to this class ; as epic poetry, (though with this I have, at present, no concern,) is of the mixt.

To discuss the nature of pastoral poetry, to trace it in its birth and progress from comic *, to unfold the original structure, to notice the peculiar provinces, and the distinct offices of tragedy and comedy, would each require a separate essay. I, therefore, keep my eye on the ode.

The imitation, of which I shall first speak, consists, in borrowing the language and sentiments of other writers, in working on the same materials, not in the mass of nature, but as wrought out into shape, and reduced to order. All, that the imitator performs, is, to add some new joint, to superadd a little fresh colouring, or to throw around it some disguise of drapery. To manage this with dexterity, requires, it must be allowed, some ge-

* See Warton's Essay on Pastoral Poetry, prefixed to his Theocritus.

nus, or, at least, a considerable degree of taste. But, so far as this mere contrivance goes, the writer has no greater pretensions to the character of a poet, in the highest sense, than one who can only attain to the mechanical part of verse. The former is but a copyist, as the latter is only a versifier.

How far such writers as Virgil, Horace, and Pope, have a claim to the higher pretensions of the poet, I shall not now determine. Some writers on Original Genius have denied such pretensions; and were this the place, I should oppose their opinions; though it is indubitable, that the above mentioned poets were in *very numerous* instances only polishers or improvers. This, however, is certain, that mere imitation is, generally, the employment of inferior geniuses; or, if poets

of higher energies have engaged in it, their exercises are to be, commonly, found among their juvenilia.

Here I speak concerning such poems, as start with the open avowal of being imitations of other authors. The writers of such poems may have their appropriate merit, a few agreeable resemblances, or studied coincidences; but they are too much restrained to soar very high; and, indeed, their highest ambition is, to be fluttering on other people's shoulders, and to be decorated with their ornaments. As to such poems, as are of a higher character, but in which some occasional resemblances may be found, this may proceed from a writer's leaving, for a season, his own pursuit, to strengthen his numbers, or to embellish his descriptions, by a little extraneous assistance. Still he may be, in his general character,

a great genius. For that our very best poets, Milton and Gray more particularly, may be followed in this manner, cannot be denied.

To lay down rules for such, as set out with the open avowal of being imitators of other authors, or to lay down the criteria of that sort of imitation, which is only partial and accidental, is certainly not my present intention: the latter has been well done by Bishop Hurd*. This, however, should always be remembered, that poetry, as such, in congenial breasts produces some congenial feelings. Original genius, if I use a proper word, will be always able to produce something that may be properly called its own: and yet, men who look at nature with the same eyes, who survey the

* In what must be considered as his best critical work, on Poetic Imitation.

whole of man, and who possess a poetical imagination, may be supposed often to see and to feel alike, to form the same associations, and even to express themselves in a similar manner. Such correspondences and parallelisms cannot but sometimes occur; and more particularly, when different poets write on the same, or on similar subjects. It would be no difficult matter to point out numerous parallelisms in the most ancient and distant northern poets, and the most remote Asiatics, in the Hebrew poets and Homer; in poets, who, at the time, had not the smallest intercourse, and who were totally unacquainted with each other's language. An ingenious man, well acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics, undertook to point out imitations of Terence, Aristophanes, Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus, in Shakespeare's plays, in order to bring out his fa-

vourite conclusion, " that Shakespeare was a perfect master of the languages, from which he borrowed them * : " and every body knows, how completely his system was overturned, by a person, at least his equal in classic literature, and infinitely his superior in knowledge of Shakespeare, and of old English writings.

Mere imitation, however, is but an inferior kind of poetry ; and this sort of poetry has given birth to an inferior sort of criticism : I mean, to that which consists in tracing through different authors parallel passages, and in making the laws of emendatory criticism depend on some original

* " An inquiry into the learning of Shakespeare, with remarks on several passages in his plays, by Peter Whalley, the editor of Ben Jonson." The controversy was settled by Dr. Farmer, in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.

standard. This may be called conjectural and verbal criticism, to distinguish it from a higher species, which, consisting in marking the analogies of nature, in establishing principles, and in tracing the movements of poetry backward to the operations of the human mind, to real existencies, or human life and manners, may be called philosophical. For poetry and criticism, no less than grammar and rhetoric, have their philosophy, as well as their elementary parts and ordinary applications. This philosophy constitutes the true wisdom in each.

Let not, however, these observations be misunderstood. The more a man looks into his own understanding, the more will he perceive the close intimacy between words and knowledge *. And

* Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding; and particularly the excellent chapter in Horne Tooke's Diversions

I have certainly no intention to deliver the smallest reflection on the proper application of verbal and conjectural criticism. This sort of criticism hath its proper employments and most important uses; and, I believe, it will always be found, that such as have arrived at eminence in it, (for of pert sciolists I am not speaking) have been in other respects accomplished scholars. I allude only to the abuse or excess of this talent. Its origin may, in part, be traced to very ample sources.

At the revival of literature every critic almost composed latin verses, and fashioned his style after the Roman poets*, or after the Italians,

of Purley, containing CONSIDERATIONS ON Mr. Locke's Essay, chap. ii.

* Almost all of them published Latin poems.

their successors and avowed imitators. The poets pursued the same course. Hence the universal rage for imitation. The Greek and Roman poets, too, were unfortunately circumstanced. The Latin had no existence but in manuscripts; and the Greek were to be read only in translations. These manuscripts being very scarce, were to be repeatedly copied, and the copyists and librarians, for they were very ignorant men, made perpetual mistakes, which succeeding copyists, being no wiser than their predecessors, transcribed, adding often other blunders of their own *. The original Editor, therefore, of the classics had no light task to perform. They were to compare different manuscripts, to raise conjectures of their

* Petrarch, therefore, generally superintended these copyists, and often copied himself. See Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*, vol. i. p. 16.

own, and to correct spurious readings, or what they supposed such, by clearer and less disputed passages in other authors. This eagerness for correcting and comparing, flowed from the state of literature. And from those respectable grammarians and critics, the first editors and commentators of the classics, it descended, without losing any of its original ardour, to their successors.

The invention of Printing, indeed, had somewhat relieved from the perplexity of these pursuits; but much still remained to be done; and the more agreeable part of the work possessed something that fascinated scholars. To notice the beauties of an ancient author, to illustrate his meaning by corresponding passages in other writers, and to bring back the imitator, through

numerous parallelisms, to the original writer, was at once an agreeable and reputable employment. It exercised the understanding; it awakened the powers of memory; it cherished elegance and taste; and it gave, and often deservedly, a character for learning, by affording the critic an opportunity of displaying vast reading. And we must not be surprised, if the critic, forgetting sometimes his peculiar profession, got out of his province, and was tempted to give play to his fancy: and as critics have often found out "meanings never meant," we may naturally enough conclude, that they have sometimes traced imitations, that never existed but in their own imaginations *. But a hint only can be dropped on this subject.

* Bentley's edition of Horace and Milton will be in every one's recollection here.

So far as it affects poetry, it may certainly often lead to the most erroneous conclusions, and those conclusions may be made canons of criticism. Hence many unwarrantable emendation of authors, and hasty * conjectures concerning purloining, of which the tendency is, sometimes, to diminish the stock of original poetry, and to retard the genuine operations of genius.

But to confine myself to my proper subject. I am far from maintaining, that all imitations are unlawful. The true poet should certainly design after Nature, making her his original and exemplar. But inasmuch as in regard to subject, nature is sometimes incomplete, judgment

* Several editions of the classical authors have been published with the professed design to point out parallel passages. Virgil, Horace, and others.

is required to select, as well as to improve; and the poet may call to his assistance some great original-genius, who has gone before him in contemplating nature; for in studying him he does but study nature through him. But, as this original genius might not give the first direction to his thoughts, so neither is it necessary that he should prescribe limits to his observations, or shackle his imagination. He may go out on the discovery, and traverse air, and earth, and seas, as if he had never met with any other poet in his life. Critics, in the art of painting, lay down as maxims, that a true painter must possess, indeed, genius; but that his genius should be corrected by rules, and enriched by observation and reading: but that, "since he cannot see or study every thing," I use the words of a

writer * on painting, "that he would desire to
 " know in the way to the perfection he aims at,
 " he may, without scruple, make use of another
 " man's studies." In like manner Longinus, after
 opening the five sources of THE SUBLIME, pro-
 ceeds to consider Imitation as the sixth. " Was
 only Herodotus," says he, " the great imitator of
 " Homer? Stesichorus was so before him, and
 " also Archilochus. And more than all these
 " was Plato, who from the Homeric fountain drew
 " innumerable streams to himself." Nay, Homer
 himself was not the most ancient of poets: and
 who will say, that he did not drink sometimes at
 their springs? That Milton and even Shakespeare
 availed themselves of preceding poets is un-

* De Piles's Art of Painting, book i. chap. 2. And to
 the same purport Sir Joshua Reynolds in his DISCOURSES.

doubted *. The writer who wipes out a speck, or finishes an incomplete design, is not to be traduced as a mere purloiner ; he may be a true poet.

The proper subject for imitation is undoubtedly the spirit of an author : but lawful exercise for it, though within just limits, is language, sentiment, feeling, and passion ; for these belong to all nations : but manners, customs, place, fable, and religion, peculiar to one age or country, cannot be lawfully imitated by writers of another, unless by allusion or comparison, or unless an author resigns his individuality ; in which case, his writings merit another appellation.

* See an Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, sect. vi. Respecting Milton and Shakespeare, see more particularly Warton's edition of Milton's smaller poems ; and Dr. Farmer's Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.

In descriptions of an English procession, or an English magistracy, there is no greater propriety in introducing the "Præteæta, Trabeæ, Fasces, Lætica, Tribunal"* of Juvenal, than there would have been in introducing the Tirring † in Homer's battles. An elegant woman in Asia may be compared to a box-tree; because the Asiatic box-tree is a beautiful tree, and adorned with slender branches. But should a poet imitate such passage in Europe, it would be far from giving embellishment to his picture. In like manner in regard to fables and mythology. Each nation possesses its own peculiar fables and mythology;

* The name of a particular sacred sword in the incantation of Hervor, from the Runic Poetry.

† Pope's turn for imitation, however, where no imitation was acknowledged, was frequently very reprehensible. He frequently borrows passages from other poets, our old English poets more particularly, with little or no alteration.

and an English poet, acting merely as an imitator, has nothing to do with any but his own, if he choofes to use any, unlefs in a way of illustration, allusion *, or comparifon, but not of appropriation. It would be very eafy to point out, inftances of unlawful imitations: but I rather choofe to point to Pope's imitations of Horace's Satires, and Johnfon's of Juvenal, as inftances of lawful and beautiful imitation. Pope, in his imitation of Horace's Ode to Venus, is animated and beautiful, but makes two or three ftrokes of unlawful imitation.

Hitherto my allufions have been directed towards that description of poets, in whom the

* Addifon in his Critique on Milton very judiciously notices the diftinction; and has remarked the improper introduction of a foreign mythology in Milton's PARADISE LOST.

author speaks in his private character.—A few hints follow on that kind of writing, in which the poet lays aside his own individuality, and takes up that of another; which, undoubtedly, in its generic name, may be called imitative poetry; but which, to render it still more characteristic, may be denominated representative.

I adopt this cautious kind of language, because the terms representative and dramatic are usually received as theatric language, and confined to the stage; whereas, following the true etymological meaning, I extend it to any sort of writing, in which the author exhibits himself in a character different from his own, whether represented on the stage, or in mere writing. The poet, in this point of view, becomes a kind of actor.

Were it my intention to go into theatric representations, as such, I should hold myself bound to examine minutely the principles of Aristotle, and to oppose some of them, because they have been implicitly followed not only by the French critics, but by some of our country*: and, on the other hand, to make some observations on Voltaire, who has openly attacked † the great poet, who has been stiled the Master of the English drama. But the theatre I pass for the present, and circumscribe my attempts by a very small circle, though I shall still be brought back in some sort to the ancient usage, before scenic representations were introduced into cities ‡: nor will

* I allude more particularly to Bishop Hurd on the Drama, and his admirers. See the Essays subjoined to his poems.

† In his Essays on Dramatic Poetry.

‡ Jul. Scaliger. Poet.

it be necessary to restrain myself by the ordinary rules of the drama, viz. that the subject or story should be probable, that the hero or heroine should be great personages and the like*: all these matters belong not to my present business.

Those poems, in which the speaker wears a fictitious character, differ from such, as are merely imitative, on this ground: the latter still reserve the personality of the author; whereas the former go out of the poet himself, and come forward as representative of another. This representation, I think, distinctly marks the two characters, and points out their separate offices.

The mere imitator, being confined by his own individuality, moves, as it were, within a given

* See Aristotle, Περὶ Ποιητικῆς.

circle; whereas, the REPRESENTATIVE poet is bound by no circumference, except the characters, which he borrows, for the time. He may put on whatever manners he pleases, and copy what customs he pleases: he may throw himself backwards, or even forwards, into any age or country: he may range through the regions of fiction and romance, or veil himself in all the obscurity of mythology and fable. He is only to consider himself as acting a part; and must, therefore, while so acting, keep to his character. He is bound only by some laws, which regulate the drama*: and, as the imitator is in perpetual danger of being a mere

* *Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros:*

Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa

Fervidus, an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:

Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:

Colchus an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus, an Argis.

HOR. ARS POET.

copyist, the representative poet, however, ought not to be so.

Did my limits allow, I should be pleased to give some specimens of this kind of poetry from a description of a poetical contention in Famianus Strada ; not through admiration of the manner in which it was conducted, for it was whimsical enough, but on account of the excellent compositions to which it gave birth, and because the style of writing and reciting was representative. The parties concerned were all men of the most distinguished talents and learning in Italy ; Hercules Strozza, Naugereus, Bembo, Jovianus, Parhasius, and Castileonius: their compositions were in Latin: and they undertook to personify the following poets, Lucan, Lucretius, Claudian, Ovid, Statius, and Virgil.—But of these matters enough.

As to the following little series they might all, I believe, be classed under the lighter species of lyric poetry. But I have chosen to put them into this new division; because they are now presented to the reader in assumed characters; and, therefore, may, perhaps, be denominated, Representative. I say they are now presented in this form, because, though they all now wear a borrowed name, yet many of them were originally written in my own character, and with as real a feeling, as any thing I ever composed. But to give an air of variety to the volumes, and because many of the following series are written in a representative character, I have brought them all into one book. The reader will therefore please to take notice, that I do not profess to imitate the language or sentiments of others, but merely to forego my individuality, and to assume,

though on a very small scale, the character of other persons. They are very imperfect sketches, and I have not presumed to give them any title. Two or three, however, are professed translations.

P O E M S.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE LOVE-POET.

O H! Love, fair Nature's child, undeck'd by art, .
Whom should I call, but thee, in every clime,
The poet's mighty god?
Harmonious power! To whom all beings raise
Gay songs, and gratulations meet,
For thine it is thro' air, earth, sea to range,
Wing'd with desire, and warm with life;
Thine the perennial fires, that renovate the world!

Have I not on thy altars duly pour'd
 The pure libation, following it with sighs,
 And resignation meet?

To thee have I not paid, at morn and eve,
 The pray'r too big for words, a priest,
 That greatly felt, and silently ador'd?

Oh ! then thy vot'ry's trembling heart
 Touch with the living coals, that on thine altar
 burn.

But spare, oh ! spare me now : assume no more
 The form terrific, fire-red eyes and darts,
 Thy darts of living steel ;
 Nor bring with thee thy train of thousand ills,
 The sleepless night, the day of care,
 Follies, and wanderings, griefs, and fears, and smarts,
 Pale melancholy, pining shame,
 That lead the vagrant heart to lab'rins of despair.

Be but my muse,—what other shall I need?

Give me but that sweet music of the soul,

Can I then want a lyre?

Oh! tune my heart-strings;—so the passions all

Shall to my song sing jubilant:

So shall the seasons, in alternate dance,

Pass smiling by, each herb, fruit, flow'r,

Be redolent of sweets, and every gale inspire!

True to thy name, now wear thy loveliest form,

Dimples and smiles, and pity-beaming eyes,

And soul-enliven'd mirths.

And bring the flower of bliss without the thorn;

Delights that last, and cares that please,

With meek benevolence, but taught by thee:

So from my heart, by thee attun'd,

Sweet melodies shall rise, and dignify my song.

THE MUSE'S WEDDING-DAY.

LET doctors prattle what they will;—

I laugh at what they say;—

Muse, 'tis our wedding day ;

We will be merry ; so a bumper fill.

Yes ! let the glafs

Now freely pafs ;

We have had ills enough, now is our time for play.

Here's to the bards of earliest times,

And may the laurel bough

Still flourish on their brow,

As still they lift our souls with loftiest rhymes.

So let the glafs

Now freely pafs ;

Still be their mem'ries green as thousand years ago.

Here's to the bard of modern days,
 May duns ne'er vex his door,
 As they have bards' before ;
 Health to his Love, and lucky be his lays !
 So let the glaſs
 Now freely paſs ;
 May he have art at will, of money too good ſtore !

Here's to the bards of years to come,
 And when they feel within
 The tuneful fit begin,
 And Wit grow warm, may Prudence not leave home !
 So let the glaſs,
 Now freely paſs,
 Left Poverty ſhould come, that beldame lank and thin.

Here's to the muses, more than nine,
 For know, that Ladies fair
 The best of muses are,
 And can do more, than e'en the god of wine.
 So let the glafs
 Now freely pass,
 Love is the poet's friend, and love is most divine.

Here's to all patrons good and kind,
 I mean not every finner,
 Who gives the bard a dinner,
 And who with dirty work would clog his mind.
 But let the glafs
 Now freely pass,
 To him, who loves the Muse, and can by goodness bind.

Here's to the souls, that I love most,
 I mean to each bookfeller,
 Who is a right good fellow,
 Who need not tremble at an author's ghost;
 So lift the glafs
 And let it pass,
 Muse, I could drink their healths, till I grew warm
 and mellow.

But we must raise us to the nonce :
 Shall I be now the tool
 Of old Sir William's * school ?
 No—no—we surely may get drunk for once.
 So move the glafs
 And let it pass :
 Who on their wedding-day would ever drink by
 rule ?

* Sir William Temple.

Thus, Muse, with us the matter stands;—

Tho' we are wedded,

And we have bedded,

Yet never priest did join the holy bands.

But move the glass

And let it pass;—

So may our freaks and loves still live in fairy lands !

BÜRGER,

OR, WINTER DEFEATED.

SEE! where stern Winter's icy hand

Disrobes the poplar tree!

The fields, their May-clothes lost, all naked stand.

Their forms of red, white, blue, no more I see,
Buried in snows they sleep, and live no more
for me.

Yet flowrets sweet, shall I for you

The song of grief indite,

When I my lovely loving charmer view,

In more than all your vernal beauty bright,
With forehead white, red lip, and eyes of azure
light?

Ye blackbirds, that once cheer'd the vale,
 Ye nightingales, that charm'd the grove,
 How vainly should your notes my ear assail,
 For silver-voic'd is she, the girl I love,
 And sweet her breath, as gales o'er hyacinth beds
 that rove.

When of her lips I taste the bliss,
 Full happiness I seem to meet;
 More dear to me the honey-breathing kifs,
 Than mulberry fragrant, or than cherry sweet.
 What more then can I ask, in her fair spring I
 greet?

* * * These lines are, probably, rather a paraphrase, than a translation, from Bürger. The ode was read to me into prose by a friend, and I put it, mostly *memoriter*, into metre.

KING WILLIAM'S MAN,

OR, THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

As when the sun's bright beams appear,
 And lowering tempests steal away,
 So midst a dark revolving year,
 Returns this bright auspicious day.
 Britons, revive, lift high the glee,
 And hail the day with THREE TIMES THREE.

Three cheers, our sacred country's due,
 We raise for popish plots reveal'd.
 Thus perish Superstition's crew,
 Tho' deep as hell, they lie conceal'd !

Britons, &c.

Three more to Freedom's name we give,

And shout to see a tyrant fly ;

Long may Britannia's favours live,

Her tyrants all inglorious die !

Britons, &c.

Three times we shout for equal laws,

And in a virtuous jury boast ;

May justice and the people's cause,

Reign ev'ry loyal Briton's toast !

Britons, &c.

Roll on, ye years, and days succeed,

That shall to tyrants ruin bring !

Europe shall ratify the deed,

And joyful nations shout and sing,

And Britons wake their gayest glee,

And hail that day with three times three.

DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR*;

OR, THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

Tho' life declines, and time the thief,
 Has stol'n my bloom away ;
 I charge thee, fly these cheerful haunts, dull grief,
 Nor, think tho' shine my locks all silver-grey,
 That I, like dotard old, will fall thy sickly prey.

Light was my heart, when life was young,
 As kid o'er verdant plain,
 I laugh'd, and danc'd, I snigger'd, toy'd and fung :
 The lads and lasses join'd my gamesome strain;
 And age stood smirking by us growing young again.

* The ancient Democritus was a celebrated philosopher,
 contemporary with Socrates.

Where are those hours? They are not fled;

My comrades live, and still

Old bald-pates oft, we meet, by custom led;

We call up school-boy days with wizard skill,
Repeat our merry pranks, and then a bumper fill.

Why startle at the sparkling glass?

Quaff'd not old Noah wine?

Wife Solomon—did he not toast his lass?

Nor did, tho' grey their beards, their joys decline;
But Laughter was their god, and Laughter shall be
mine.

Ye men, who worship hoards of gold,

Yet pleasure dare not taste,

Can I but laugh such men-moles to behold,

Or such as riches only know to waste,

Mere squirrels cracking nuts, and squandering them
in haste?

Philosophers, who wink and blink

With close-glafs'd peeping eyes,

Can I but laugh, profoundest sirs, to think,

What pride mid those meek looks in ambush lies?

How Folly screens her face mid Wisdom's fair
disguise?

Ye magpie poets, chattering rhymes,

And ye, who strains of woe,

Like whining ring-doves, eke against the times,

Magging your saucy clack at all ye know,

Or soothing poor dear selves in numbers sadly flow?

Whether, good sirs, ye rail or pine,

What boots it all to me?

To sit, and prate, like mock-bird, shall be mine,

To chatter, 'plain like you, then off I'll flee;

And jeer you all at once, in one high laughing glee.

Ye patriot souls, so wond'rous grave,
 So loving, good, and wise,
 Boasting your country ye but wish to save,—
 Ye lanky spiders, snaring filly flies;—
 Oh! how I sit and laugh, to trace your filken lies.

But queens, and kings, and such like things,
 I rev'rence much; and never,
 No, never will I laugh at queens or kings;
 But crowns from red caps, faith, I cannot sever;
 And I could laugh at both, for ever and for ever.

And while I laugh, good Joan, my wife,
 Shall sport like damsel gay;
 For Joan, kind soul, has laugh'd with me thro' life;
 And still, like two old lutes, in tune we play;
 And while our hearts are blithe, ne'er dream of life's
 decay.

Thus, Falstaff-like, I'll live and die,

Laugh long as I can see ;

And, when Death's busy hand shall close my eyes,

This bag of jokes I leave the doctor's fee.

Then, Doctor, when I'm dead, laugh thou, and
think of me.

T I M O N * ;

OR, THE MAN-HATER.

YE comrades, who, when life was young,
 When Hope was warm, and Fancy gay,
 How are ye fled, ye fluttering throng,
 Mere insects of a summer's day !

False world, I now defy thy frown ;
 Friendship, I court no more thy smile !
 This heart, now dead, or senseless grown,
 Where could ye torture, how beguile ?

* This whimsical character has given birth to much humour in modern as well as ancient times. It will be unnecessary to say any thing of him here, except, that he was an Athenian, and lived in the times of the Peloponnesian war.

Ye books, that cheer'd my lonesome hours,

Ye songs, that charm'd a lover's breast,

Fled, fled is all your boasted power—

Talk ye,—ye once could talk,—of rest ?

Deceitful books, that preach of truth,

Your solemn lectures all are lies :

Ye songs, that could beguile my youth,

Can ye relieve a heart, that sighs ?

Oh ! sun, why sparkle bright thy beams ?

Thy marching, why so stately-flow ?

Quick-fly, as glides the mountain-stream ;—

Why linger thus o'er tents of woe ?

Ye lightnings, flash your fires along ;

Ye heav'ns, assume your deadliest form ;

Ye thunders, mutter deep, and strong,
And let me perish in the storm.

Or, if some gods preside above,
Oh! bear me far from human race;
Wild 'mid some desert let me rove,
And view no smiling fellow face.

Or, on some mountain's side of rock,
Where fray the wild sheep, whistling near,
I'll sit like straggler from the flock,
And surly view the prospect drear.

And, when grey ev'ning's mists arise,
Some lonely ghost shall be my guest,
Whose body now unburied lies,
Who sighs, like me, in vain for rest.

Oh! Nature, by what art combin'd,
Didst thou contrive thy monstrous plan?
I loathe my fellows of mankind;
I hate myself for being man.

THE VOLUNTEER
TO
THE TRUE PATRIOT.

WHILE venal bards attempt to sound
Thro' years remote the trump of fame,
And call the wondering nations round,
To learn some haughty conqu'ror's name,
Justice demands a purer song,
Let Freedom's sons the strain' prolong.

Let such receive their country's praise,
Who Virtue's cause undaunted plead;
And such the Poet's unbought lays,
Who dare in Freedom's cause to bleed.
Justice, &c.

And live there in degenerate times
 Men still to public virtue true,
 Who, blushing for a nation's crimes,
 Still fearless give the honour due?
 Justice, &c.

Yes: should a nation prove unjust,
 Nor laurels deck the patriot's head;
 Genius shall shape the living bust,
 And future bards his glory spread.
 Justice, &c.

Justice shall far extend her reign,
 And Freedom wave her banners wide;
 And those immortal honours gain,
 Who nobly liv'd, or nobly died.
 Justice, &c.

THE SYMPATHIST;

WRITTEN IN AN ALCOVE, AT NOON, ON A VERY
SULTRY DAY.

OH! Thou, whose early-beaming smile,
Whose parting blushes gild the sky,
And warm with purest fires the tuneful tribes!
As glows that flower of stately form,
Whose hue of gold to thee unfolds;
So at the tender smile of morn,
So 'mid the sober blush of Eve,
To thee, fair sun, I turn, and bless thy cheering beam,
But now no more—the noontide ray
Has taught the herd to court the shade—

And cheat in social crowds the fullen hours,
 Now labour seeks a short repose;
 And Love, that oft, at evening mild,
 Soft-whispers in the virgin's ear
 His tender tale, with many a sigh,
 Flaps his young wing, and feverish drops his dart

Me too, this shady, cool alcove,
 Me this embowering oak invites,
 To sit at ease, and sing the hours away.
 Here let me woo the moral muse:
 Her voice may suit the noon of life,
 Which nor the virgin eye of morn,
 Shall cheer again, nor the soft hand
 Of matron eve may lead to peaceful bowers.

Ah! now I feel the blaze of day,
 That scorches, while it shines; I hear

Life's busy hum, rude war and party rage;
 The sun darts downward on this head,
 His course direct, nor mild his beams.
 The world moves restless, and, at home,
 Folly has gorg'd herself with crimes,
 And I was born to see, to feel, to mourn.

But, let not private malice boast;—
 This breast heeds not her little sting;
 Her little sting wounds not the generous breast :
 But there's a public monster, gorg'd
 With blood of virtuous men, and her sting
 Knows where to pierce a nation ; her
 I dread, her barbed dart I dread,
 That, thro' a thousand victims, pierces me.

Here, then, I hail retreat, and shade:
 Here taste the sweets of blest repose ;

Tho', as yon silent songstress hangs the wing,
And seems to grudge th' autumnal year
Her song of mellowed harmonies ;
So droops my voice, and sleeps my song ;
So nursing fear, and sympathies of soul,
Sorrowing I sit, and languish at the sun.

Anno 1794.

THE PLAINTIVE MAN'S ADDRESS

TO

MELANCHOLY.

I.

OH! nymph of pallid hue, and raven hair,
That in sequester'd scenes art wont to rest,
Deep-nurturing some grief within thy breast,
Some weight of grief, that none with thee may share;
Whose eye, whence tears have long forgot to flow,
To Heaven directed looks, of earth afraid :
How dear to me thy form of speechless woe !
And sacred are thy haunts, thou solitary maid !

II.

Oft art thou seen beside the willowy stream ;
 And, though no youthful smile adorns thy face,
 Though on thy cheek no roses we may trace,
 Yet dost thou, in thy spring of life, some virgin seem.
 Thy vesture careless hangs, as snowdrop white ;
 Loose-floating fall thy locks, unbound thy zone ;
 Thine eye now softly sad, now wildly bright,
 Bespeaks a lover dead, and thou wilt love but one.

III.

Now art thou seen slow-linging in the wood,
 Where pours the nightingale her liquid throat,
 And varies through the night her love-lorn note,
 As tho' her mate were fled, or tender brood.—
 To thee more pleasing than the vestment grey,
 Pale mourner ! saddest of the widow train,

Doom'd to lament, at thy dark close of day,
 Some aged Priam dead—some youthful Hector
 slain.

IV.

Thee, FANCY, sometimes hails the MUSE of WOE,
 Whom fabled wrongs can wake to real smart;
 OVID's soft fictions make thee melt at heart;
 And suffering ghosts instruct the tear to flow.
 Does tender sorrow PITY'S BARD * inspire?
 Thy lute responsive breathes the tragic moan:
 But, does ORESTES curse the God of fire †?
 Quick dost thou leave thy lute, to listen to his
 groan.

V.

Say, can that pensive look thy mind reveal,
 While from thy lips th' unfinished accents fall,

* EURIPIDES.

† EURIPIDIS ORESTES, v. 456.

As tho' the forward tongue would utter all,
Which yet thy secret bosom would conceal ?
Witness to wrongs, no pity can relieve,

To joys, which flatter, but must shortly flee ;
E'en fancied Misery wakes the cause to grieve :

Thou hast a sigh for all ; none heaves a sigh for
thee !

VI.

Then haste thee, QUEEN of WOE, from mortal eye ;

Thy mansion fix within some lonely cell,

Where pale-ey'd SUPERSTITION loves to dwell,
Wearied of life, and lingers but to die :

As the sand streams to mark the fleeting hour ;

As the death's-head reminds thee of thy doom ;

As the spade sinks thy future grave bed lower *,

I, too, will learn to die, sad pilgrim at thy tomb !

* It is scarcely necessary to acquaint the reader, that this verse contains an allusion to the customs of the monks of LaTrappe.

VII.

For, oh ! whatever form I see thee wear,
 If yet soft MERCY dwell within thy breast;
 Thyself so sad, yet anxious to make blest,
 For others woe, if thou the sigh wilt spare;
 Tho' like the sage * that only liv'd to weep;
 Tho' all the load of human ills were thine,
 For thee will I forego the balmy sleep,
 Or, wandering wild like thee, will make thy
 sorrows mine.

* Heraclitus, a famous philosopher of Ephesus, in Asia Minor, known by the name of the Weeping Philosopher, as Democritus was of the Laughing. *DIOG. LAERT. in Vita.*

THE CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

WHEN long thick tempests waste the plains,
 And lightnings cleave an angry sky,
 Sorrow invades each anxious swain,
 And trembling nymphs to shelter fly.
 But should the sun's bright beams appear,
 Hush'd are their sighs, and calm'd their fears.

So, when fierce zeal a nation rends,
 And dark injustice veils the throne,
 Beneath the storm meek virtue bends,
 And modest truth is heard to groan :
 But let the star of Freedom rise,
 They hail the beams with grateful eyes.

Who, then, when patriots long oppress'd,
 Decree to curb a tyrant's pride,

And justice fires a nation's breast,

Who shall the gen'rous ardour chide ?

What shall withstand the great decree,

When a brave nation WILL BE FREE ?

Thus Greece repell'd her num'rous foes,

Thus Britain curb'd a Stuart's race ;

Thus Gallia's sons to glory rose,

Heralds of Peace to future days :

And thus may all the nations rise,

And shout their triumphs to the skies !

The wars of ages thus decided,

Commerce shall bless each smiling land ;

And man from man no more divided,

In peace shall live, a friendly band.

But, tyrants with their glare of pow'r,

Like meteors fall, to rise no more.

Then blooming youths, and sages hoary,
Shall sing the deeds of ancient days,
And tender virgins learn the story,
And children list their grandfires praise.
The heavens shall smile, and earth be gay,
When Peace with Freedom rules the day.

THE SAILOR,

THE SCENE, SCOTLAND.

My dame, behold a failor brave!

And he must quickly plough the sea;

Must leave, for ocean's boist'rous wave,

The rippling brook, and whispering tree.

The blackbird calls; the skylarks ring

Shrill carols thro' the welkin clear;

Nature's full chorus seems to sing,

"Still, happy failor, linger here."

But, Dame, you view a failor brave;

And he must plough the boist'rous wave.

Yon dainty palace * charms my eye,

And Avon's waters sweetly glide,

* The Duke of Hamilton's, at Hamilton.

Fair Bircleugh's flowery terrace nigh,
 Haft'ning to meet the bonny Clyde :
 Ah! pleasing scene!—in rapt'rous mood,
 How near thy braes I still could stray !
 How range yon deep romantic wood,
 And talk of love the live-long day !
 But, Dame, &c.

As dew-drop Peggy's eye is bright,
 Your Peggy's cheek as lily fair,
 Her feet, as hare's, move soft and light,
 Her voice like blackbird's loud and clear.
 And she can soften every heart,
 When fond she sings her " Highland Laddie ;"
 So quickly, Dame, must I depart,
 And keep my heart still tight and steady.
 But, Dame, &c.

But, when on ocean's restless bed,
The ship rolls rocking to the wind,
When shores and cliffs, and hills are fled,
Thy kindness will I call to mind.
When dowie droops my head with grief,
And from my eye-lid steals a tear,
In grateful thoughts I'll find relief,
And Peggy's song my heart shall cheer.
But, Dame, you view a sailor brave,
And now he hastes to plough the wave.

H O R A C E.

Why, when I view those cherry lips,
 That breast of sweets, those eyes of fire,
 While Fancy from thy mouth rich nectar sips,
 And round thy neck entwines each young desire ?

Why should I ask, if twenty years,
 Or twenty more matur'd those charms,
 Thy breath, more soft than spring, thy lover cheers,
 And more than summer lingers in thy arms.

The Muse for thee is proud to sing,
 The Graces lead the dance to thee,
 The Nymphs to thee their sweetest flowrets bring :
 Oh ! then it surely cannot winter be.

What tho' the bloom of years were fled,
The heats of love all pass'd away ?
Yet wisdom could on age new lustre shed,
As a sweet glory gilds the parting day.

THE ADDRESS

OF A POOR PRIVATE, WITH HIS FAMILY, WHILE
PUBLIC MEN WERE ENGAGED IN A FIGHT.

GREAT Framer of unnumber'd worlds,
And whom unnumber'd worlds adore ;
Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
While Nature trembles at thy power :

Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
That wakes the winds, and lifts the sea,
And man, who moves the lord of earth,
Acts but the part assign'd by thee.

Kings, at whose will a nation bends,
Bow at thy throne, and own thy sway.

And, tho' like gods they tread on earth,
To thee the duteous service pay.

Chiefs, tho' with numerous hosts combin'd,
They fellow-blood in torrents spill,
Eager for conquest and for fame,
Do' but thy great designs fulfill.

While suppliant crowds implore thy aid,
To thee we raise the humble cry,
Thine altar is the contrite heart,
Thine incense a repentant sigh.

But, if injustice grind the poor,
Or avarice stain the sordid hand ;
Or fierce ambition thirst for blood,
Or rude oppression waste the land ;

The God, who hears the orphan's cry,
The widow's pray'r, the prisoner's groan,

Still lift'ning to the poor oppress'd,

Shall spurn th' oppressor from his throne.

Nor will he heed the lifted eye,

The suppliant hand, the bending knee,

Nor altars grac'd with splendid rites,

The forms of public mockery.

Oh! Britain, in thy sober hour,

Learn justice, nor condemn the rod!

So will he love to be thy friend,

If thus thou own him, as thy God.

S I M O N I D E S.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

WHEN on the motley-painted chest the wind
 Blew boistrous, and by dire commotions stirr'd,
 The rising furies roar'd,

Fair Danae, while trickled down her cheek

 The frequent tear, felt all a mother's pangs ;
 Round her young Perseus, round her dearest babe,
 She threw, resign'd to fate, her lovely arm,
 And breath'd, thus softly breath'd, the sorrows
 of her soul.

Ah ! me, my child, what griefs do I endure !
 Whilst thou, dear suckling babe, ill-omen'd child,
 Sleepest, with heart at rest ;
 Sleepest in joyless, brass-encircled house ;

And dark the night, tho' gleams the moon serene.
 The wave, that passes thy unmoisten'd locks,
 Thou heedest not ; thou hearest not the winds ;
 For calm is thy lov'd face, in purple vestment veil'd.

Ills now press on ; and, didst thou know those ills,
 How wouldst thou to my words, my words of woe,
 Lend me thy little ear !

Sleep, then, my babe, thy mother bids thee sleep ;
 And sleep the waves, and sleep my sea of cares.
 Yet, oh ! my father Jove, confound their schemes !
 Bold now the prayer—oh ! may my Perseus live !
 Still may he live, and still revenge his mother's
 wrongs.

SAPPHO;

OR, THE RESOLVE.

YES, I have lov'd : yet often have I said,
 Love in this breast shall never revel more;
 But I will listen to wild ocean's roar,
 Or, like some out-cast solitary shade,
 Will cling upon the howlings of the wind,
 Till I grow deaf and lifeless, cold and blind.
 But, ah! enchantress, cease the tender lay,
 Nor tune thy lyre to notes, thus softly flow;
 Those eyes—oh take those melting eyes away!
 Nor let those lips with honey'd sweets o'erflow;—
 Nor let meek Pity pale that lovely cheek,
 Nor weep, as wretches their long-sufferings speak.

With forms so fair endued, oh! Venus, why
 Are Lesbian maids, or with such weakness I?
 Do Lesbian damsels touch the melting lyre?
 My lyre is mute; and I in silence gaze;
 As tho' the muse did not this breast inspire,
 I lose in tenderer loves the love of praise.
 Oh! Sappho, how art thou imprisoned round,
 Beauty's weak captive, fast-enchain'd with sound!
 Frail, frail resolve! vain promise of a day!
 I see, I hear, I feel, and die away.

ANACREON

TO A CAT.

PRINCE of cats, with skin so sleek,
 Sharpen'd mouth, and jetty cheek,
 And tail, as coral shining-bright,
 And eyes, that can defy the night :

With whiskers, claws, and scenting nose,
 For ever mousing, as it goes—

All these proclaim as mere a cat,
 As ever tuzzled mouse, or rat.

But when I mark, thy mistress nigh,
 —And I have look'd with searching eye,—
 The purring soft, the tender gaze,
 And all thy little fondling ways,
 The playful tail, the touch so bland,
 When stroking Sappho's lovely hand,

And when on Sappho's * bosom spread,
 I see thee nestle close thy head,
 —And this, and more than this I see,
 Till, happy pufs, I envy thee :—
 Oh ! then, methinks, time was, that thou
 Wast not, what thou appearest now :
 While drinking thus of love thy fill,
 Thou seemest but a lover still ;—
 Yes, prince of cats, if right I scan,
 The time has been, when thou wast, man.

* It is of no consequence to these lines, whether Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries : this has been disputed : the name of any other of Anacreon's favourites would do as well.

THE APOLOGIST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DE SEGUR.

'THINK not, tho' gaily flows the lay,
 Too meanly of the tuneful art:
 Song claims the right to flirt and play,
 Nor less can act the moral part.
 Mirth, while it lightly trips along,
 The weightier Truth shall lift to light;
 And hence I learn to rev'rence song,
 While still its milder charms delight.

The Samian prince, that prince severe,
 His people rul'd with iron hand:
 Great was his power, and great their fear;
 None durst resist the dread command.

Anacreon charm'd the tyrant down,
 Affuag'd his wrath, and wak'd desire,
 Such force have tender numbers shewn !
 And hence I love the tender lyre.

The rose, ere yet its leaves unfold,
 Requires the sun's enlivening ray ;
 And, would you warm the heart, when cold ?
 Go, try the love-inspiring lay.
 Ah ! little aids the prose-told tale,
 Dress'd in no charms, nor wing'd with fire :
 But love, in verse, shall seldom fail ;
 And therefore will I bless the lyre.

Behold the man of dauntless brow,
 Who knows no measure in his crimes !
 To stoic rules he scorns to bow ;
 He dreads no censor of the times.

But ridicule, if it reprove,
Shall leave the long-remember'd smart ;
And hence I love the shafts of song,
For they can reach the guilty heart.

When griefs and cares perplex'd my breast,
To books I ran, to seek relief :
But Plato could not yield me rest,
And Seneca brought no relief.
Anacreon, more one verse of thine,
Than seven old fages, me shall please :
Still, then, shall playful song be mine ;
For song the troubled heart shall ease !

CURSORY REMARKS

ON

READERS, AND THE NATURE OF POETRY:

ON

DREAMS AND VISIONS.

I AM a friend, I confess, to Introductions; and, for this reason; Introductions, or Prefaces, are often friends as well to readers as to authors. To the former, they furnish a clue to lead through those labyrinths, in which some writings are unfortunately involved: and to the latter, they are favourable a hundred ways: they prevent a man's going head-foremost into the work, without taking his reason with him; they remove difficulties, that may, probably, occur; and they answer objections

before they can possibly be started. These matters being settled, the reader has before him the primrose path of pleasure ; and the writer has nothing at least to give him concern. He shakes hands with the muse, if he happens to be a poet ; and, at all events, with his good friends, the critics ; blesses Providence, that he was born a genius ; feasts his imagination with the fine compliments, which the world are paying, or ought to be paying, his performance ; and looks forward to immortality, as his lawful inheritance.—Reader, I fet you, then, an example—who knows but you may become an author ?—by writing a long introduction, or preface, to a few small poems.

Now the following work requires no clue ; here is no labyrinth : the broad day opens upon you immediately : the passage is direct and clear,

at least to such persons, as enter with proper spirit, and proceed with correct feelings. To all others I shall appear, on the present occasion, a mystic.

As to objections, I know of none, that can be advanced, at least, none, which, speaking as an author, I should deem reasonable.

But, as there exist people, and, I fear, they have some credit with the public, who will not suffer a poor fellow to gratify his own vanity, which is often very innocent, or to be the propagandist of his own principles, which may be very harmless; who must needs endeavour to discompose his self-complacency, to the great interruption of his lucubrations, and the enfeebling of all learned resolutions, I shall demean myself accordingly.—It is more like an Englishman to begin the attack.

1. As many readers possess the power of twisting expressions to twenty different meanings, so that a plain man (and such most writers would be thought) shall scarcely know, when he is sure of his word; others are for making many poor words fairly give up the ghost; words, too, of the true English breed, which, in their generation, have been trusty servants, and might still, one should think, be allowed to keep on their legs. Such readers, will, I hope, permit me to remind them, that the persons, to whom, as they will perceive, I am much indebted in two of the following poems, were not taught the languages at the court end of the town, nor at any of our public schools, or learned universities: but, what then? they adopt, in the proper sense of the word, their mother or vulgar tongue, enlivened a little, perhaps, by what I shall ever defend as an excellent attainment,

which is rather a lucky knack in the use of the vulgar tongue, than a distinct dialect, and so will not be confounded, I hope, with the slang * language. A learned gentleman has lately shewn, that the gypsey language is the most ancient in the world † ; and, I think, I could prove from authentic documents, that this knack, for I will not call it by its proper name, as a mode of speech, is more ancient than the gypsey, as an original language; that being quite appropriate, it must, at least, to persons of taste, always be agreeable ; and, from the very nature of man, must endure,

* The learned are not to be informed, that there is a regular dictionary of the SLANG language :—the other can only be learned in practice.

† The etymologicum magnum by Sylburgius confines itself to Greek ; the etymologicum magnum alluded to here comprehends all languages down to the gypsey, which the writer maintains to be the oldest language in the world.

as long as language itself. I hope, therefore, no one will meddle with one of my words, nor knit his brows, if my language appear to him somewhat oily and glib; but rather assure himself, that I use the properest, if not the richest, words in the English language, with a most laudable dispatch of pronunciation, and with all the simplicity and unrestrainedness of an Englishman.

But, though expressions, considered in their original sense, may be proper, it does not follow, that they are the most perspicuous and clear. Plain and natural are vague terms. What may be mere A B C to a country bumpkin, may be Arabic to a noble lord; and what may set a noble lord a capering, may bring an honest countryman upon his knees: and the countryman's may be the best English of the two. If, therefore, I oc-

casionally borrow a word from the zomerzetshire dialect, or the Lancashire dialect *, or even from the Scottish dialect †, I claim no forgiveness §. Let me avail myself of the observation, “ There are great, as well as little vulgar :” and let not the remark offend ; the latter are often less of barbarians (I speak here merely of language) than the former. The author of Hudibras, and his imitator (Cotton), abound ‡ with what some call vulgar words : and what many people treat as weeds, and throw to the dunghill, still bloom in the gardens of Shakespeare and Spenser.

* Tim Bobbin’s Poems.

† Allan Ramsay’s Poems.

§ I confess, however, my resolution failed ; for, after composing one or two poems in the style alluded to, I altered them back again.

‡ In Virgil Travestied.

Apropos, I must here put my protest against such readers, as pronounce every thing absurd that is to them unintelligible. Are not some writings by their very nature mysterious? Have not all nations had their mystics, their dreamers, their visionists, and their prophets? And are they not always allowed to have a language of their own? But of this more hereafter.

2. Next there is the reader, who is a stout advocate for the epic and dramatic unities. Now, though the following poems are diminutive, and can hardly be called poems, yet there exist some great readers, who love to mangle little poets. But, passing that, it might be proved, that the greatest poets have not strictly answered their expectations; nor yet have these deviations dispossessed them of their seats in Parnassus. Aristotle,

it is true, contends very stoutly for the unities; and produces Homer and the Greek tragedians as his examples: but, how easy were it to demonstrate, that such poets are not so undeviating in this respect, as to be unexceptionable authorities! Nay, has not a learned writer lately undertaken to shew, that such a place as Troy never existed *! The Iliad must, of course, in his judgment, be the mere dream of some blind minstrel, whether Homer, or some other, no matter. Yet the Iliad stands, even in the opinion of this writer, a true epic; and will so stand, to the end of time. Milton, too, abounds with digressions; to which Addison †, notwithstanding his partiality, was by no means blind—digressions, irreconcilable to the laws of

* The author of, *A New System, or an Analysis of Ancient Mythology*.

† In his Critique on the *PARADISE LOST*.

the epic, as laid down by the critics. Has he not, moreover, jumbled together contradictory mythologies, so as to break in upon the uniformity of his poem? As to Shakespeare, who knows not, that maugre all said by Aristotle, who knows not, I say, that the immortal Shakespeare fairly kicked the unities out of doors? *A fortiori*, such things as dreams, visions, and *à fortiori* still, prophecies, must not be expected to be over-rigid about certain rules: they have rules of their own. A visionist professes the power, and he ought to assert it, of travelling like light; and he may traverse backwards and forwards a thousand and a thousand times in the same book, if he pleases.

3. Next, there is the logical reader. A man of sound reasoning powers is entitled to the greatest

attention ; nobody more so : but intelligent men, it seems, distinguish between a fair reasoner and a common logician : for the logic of the schools, to give it the due portion of commendation, is but an help to reason * : and, judging from what has passed among some persons, reputed great logicians, many incline to believe, that our profoundest reasoners, such as Newton, Locke, and Bacon, were little indebted to logic. However, allowing, that a reader should be a logician,—and certainly he ought to be a good reasoner,—that he must walk and talk syllogistically ; must a poet, also, be this precise syllogizer ? By no means : a reader, who has but two miles to proceed, must first rise out of his chair, go regularly down stairs, and tramp over every inch

* Baker's Reflections on Learning, chap. v.

of ground, before he can arrive at his journey's end. But a poet may travel like light; visit the hall of Valhala, and drink metheglin with Odin; breakfast with Jupiter, and by noon pay his compliments to Juno; tear Venus from the embraces of her smutty husband, and steal a kiss from her ambrosial lips: he may attack more castles, deliver more damsels, in very distant regions, too, than St. George: he may dig into rocks and caves, traverse mountains, and play as many magical freaks, as were ever played by old Merlin*; till it be doubted, as formerly it was of our British wizard, whether he was a man or devil. He may effect all this, I maintain, without so much as descending from his own stair-case, or once moving from his elbow-chair.

* See the Prophecies of Merlin.

4. As to those, who read as mere grammarians, little need be insisted on. For, if such readers are satisfied with their mode of making out an author, no writer should take on himself to complain.

5. The reader, of whom I have reason to be apprehensive in the following pages, if I may be permitted to speak a word concerning myself, is the metaphysician. He is the person, of whom, were I to express my real feelings, I should approach, as the giant of the castle; whom, therefore, it would be my interest to assault in form, with all my little breadth of philosophy, and length of argument.

The readers, to whom I allude, are such as object to poems, that proceed on facts, that are

not true. Thus, they might say, to lay out a lady, to make a funeral procession for her, to raise a bust to her memory, and to write elegies for her as dead, while yet she is actually alive, and has been seen by many living witnesses in several shops in London, is an anachronism quite unpardonable; and so of many other freaks and vagaries, as such readers may choose to denominate them.

Now let such people bethink themselves, and not suffer an unreasonable prejudice to deprive them of very considerable pleasure; let me entreat them only to consider the nature of poetry, and in what respects it differs from prose; I do not say in the perusal of my reveries, but of the fancies and inventions of great poets.

Poetry claims creation as her proper province. She is a nimble-thoughted lady, who flies about as she pleases : and it is agreeable to her character, not only to speak of things as they really exist, but of things that have no existence, as if they really had. I use the words of a great critic *. So that what distinguishes poetry from prose, is not the mere measuring of syllables into artificial things, called verses, but, *bonâ fide*, creation, or invention †. This now is admitted by the great critics of antiquity, I mean Aristotle, Plutarch, and Longinus ; and so, I hope, will not be disputed by the admirers of ancient literature : and, as the opinion is not only frequently referred to, but systematically defended, by learned divines, when writing concerning poetry and cri-

* Julii Scaliger. Poetic.

† Plutarchi De Audiendis Poetis.

ticism *, it will not be disputed by any serious persons whatever.

Poetry, which, by ancient prescription, thus possesses the right to create, has also a prerogative, no less certain and undisputed, consequent upon the former right, viz. to destroy.

Indeed, if poetry may not go this length, what is it good for? or, wherein is it better than prose? If a poet may not make a lady ill, when she is well, or even put an end to her, though perhaps only indisposed; if a rival lover may not run his antagonist through the body, and, at the same time, on meeting him in the park, cock his hat full in his face, poetry will go a little way indeed. Were this really the case, if a man has any thing to say, he had better, without all manner of doubt, say it in prose.

* Hurd on Poetic Imitation, and Lowth de Vet. Hebr. Poet.

But these things being admitted, let it be further observed, that some people are so formed, that their feelings are not in exact ratio to their afflictions, but as their squares. Hence, some people, if they have the tooth-ach, it is well if they are not mad with it : if they read a dull poem, they fall asleep, with their eyes open all the while ;—if they shed a tear, they are drowned in grief ;—a fit of the cholic deprives them of all their senses, and the gripes are sure to kill them. So again, as to their friends, if they do not see or hear from them, they complain to every man, woman, and child they meet ; hang down their heads, like a willow ; make elegies, monodies, and epitaphs, with an *ωλετο καλος Αδωνις*—for truly to them he is dead. And thus, reader, it is with me.

And, here, let me ask the lover—How does he feel in the absence of his mistress? Clearly thus: he hies himself to the side of a rivulet—drops his tear into the water—a willow supports his poor head—the winds are not bent on their usual vagaries, but are replying, sigh for sigh, to his complaining—the brook runs in mournful sympathy to him. So again of the birds; they sing not, as usual, except, perhaps, the nightingale: her love-lorn note may, perchance, soothe him a little; while his sheep, a hundred to one, are wandering wild over his neighbours paddocks. Thus it happens, if the fair one is absent only for a month: but should she exceed that; should she be absent for a year, it becomes a serious affair indeed: all Nature mourns with him. But, suppose her gone across the Atlantic or Indian ocean, never more to return—why then the matter is fairly settled:—to him his charmer is, in fact, dead and buried;

and Strephon has nothing to do but to hang or drown himself in the next river:—and thus, reader, it fares with me. And so much in vindication of a general principle from the very nature of poetry, and the constitution of man.

I am here all along addressing the metaphysical reader—to whom I beg leave still further to suggest, with his permission, that my character is, literally, much of a dreamer. Now, though such reader should oppose impertinent fables, (and he has my free permission to do it,) yet let me entreat him not to attack a simple soul in his own chimney-corner. Will any friend to the rights of Englishmen maintain, that they extend not to dreaming? For my own part, I believe, that the right of private dreaming is as much the birthright of an Englishman and Protestant, as the right of private

judgment. On the latter subject endless are the books, that have been written : and it is now settled by all parties of Protestants, (whether they act consistently with the belief, is another matter,) that every Englishman and Protestant possesses as great a right to think, as to breathe.

The reason, I apprehend, why as much has not been written on the right of private dreaming, is, doubtless, that there never was erected a tribunal in this country, that opposed the claim ; no, not even in the reigns of the Possillion of the Reformation *, or of the Virgin Queen †, who, it must be acknowledged, inconsistently enough as Protestants, erected tribunals, to keep down private

* So Bishop Burnet in his History of the Reformation calls Henry the VIIIth.

† Elizabeth.

judgment. But the right of private dreaming has never been assailed ; was never doubted ; and, of course, is occasionally exercised by all descriptions of people. We see men dreaming in pulpits ; dreaming at the bar ; dreaming on the stage ; dreaming in bookfellers' shops ; down to the bench of a country justice : and shall any man assert, that an ordinary man may not sleep and dream, uninterruptedly, in his own garret?

The right once admitted, who shall say " so far shalt thou dream, and no further ? " Who shall dictate to a dreamer, and prescribe the boundaries, within which his dreams should move ? Who shall prevent his holding conversation with persons long since dead ? or his seeing minstrels, muses, nymphs, virgins, fauns, satyrs, demons, gods and goddesses ? What hand of mere flesh

shall take away his ghosts, his fairies, his devils, his hobgoblins? Who shall purloin him of his will-o'-wisp, of his griffins, of his unicorns? Of his bulls, without heads, running away with damsels? Of his elephants, flying away with a regiment of soldiers to the moon, or to the furthest planet in our system? His fishes, longer than the sea-serpent, or Kraken *, with a whole parish on their sides, riding on the king's highway?

A metaphysician has not an inch of ground in the land of dreams. A man asleep is fairly beyond his reach, a being of unimagined powers, of the most mysterious associations, of the most incalculable penetrations: he should not be interrupted

* See Bishop Pontoppidan's History of Norway.

while asleep; and, when he returns to this world of mere sense and matter, he is not to be tormented with childish expectations, and unreasonable conditions. If people possess too much pride now-a-days, to consult him as an oracle, as the Grecians sometimes did,—their oracles being often delivered in dreams,—they should at least possess humility enough to listen to him with respect, if not with implicit deference. For, if dreams are extraordinary communications, a favoured dreamer may render the highest services to the community, and on individuals he may often confer the most permanent obligations. Hence it has been the received opinion of almost all ages—and dreamers, whether we choose to call them sacred or prophane, have avowed the belief—that dreams are divine; superior beings, according

* Vid. Artemidori Oneirocritos, et Maimonidis Ductor Perplexorum, Pars ii. C. 36.

to them, making their dreams the vehicles of their purposes and councils to mankind.

But I beg leave to subjoin another observation on this subject. From what has already been said, it is very evident that I have a right to dream in common with other British subjects: I possess also some peculiar privileges this way. For, besides what has already been asserted, I challenge a claim to this divine footstool, as a poet: the reader, however, I allow to rate my poetical character as low as I rate it myself.

Now, I think I could shew, that several compositions of our modern poets were actually written while the authors were asleep, and that they might be properly called dreams. These poets will not confess it, I know: but this I collect from

internal evidence. Poets I am well aware are ashamed to be thought either sleepers or dreamers. I will then shew, that they ought not to be ashamed of it; and that a poet has a right to sleep and to dream by prescription.

Here, too, I omit laying any stress on what Pope notices relative to some poets of his time; that they not only were great sleepers themselves, but made others sleep; and that, in the third book of the Dunciad, when some exercises in verse, and others in prose, are proposed by Dullness, to keep the critics awake, that not only the critics, but the spectators, and even the poets themselves, fall fast asleep; and that in this Dunciad he gives one or two examples of very successful dreamers; I say, no stress, shall be laid by me on such matters, because some readers would evade my conclusion,

by giving to such examples a ludicrous interpretation. My proofs shall be brought from unexceptionable authorities.

And, first, it is well-known, that several of the most exquisite productions of the Asiatic poets were composed in shady bowers, or beside refreshing streams, when the eyes of the bard were bound in sleep; and that several of the poems themselves are perfect dreams: and who knows not, that the revelations of the Hebrew prophets are many of them dreams in form, and that the language of them is perfectly enigmatical?

We also find in the writings of the Evangelists dreams or visions in form, agreeably to the practice of the Hebrew prophets and Asiatic poets. I own myself to be of the same judgment, too,

with those commentators, who suppose, that Christ's temptation on the Mount *, and John's being in the Spirit on the Lord's day †, ought to be considered as mere visions, and that the representations passed before the eyes of the mind, when Christ and John were asleep, in the same manner as they passed in the minds of the ancient prophets. The Christian Fathers, also, had visions ‡. But this by the bye; we are not now speaking of these matters.

The same may be observed of the Greek and Roman poets. Of Horace's observations concerning Homer §, I take no notice, because the poet evidently there means, that Homer does not always

* Matthew, v.

† Revelations, i.

‡ See more particularly among the Patres Apostolici, Hermæ Visiones.

§ Interdum dormitat Homerus. Art. Poet.

write like himself; as, indeed, who does? But, that Homer was both a sleeper and a dreamer, is evident from the admirable use that he makes of sleeping and dreaming in the Iliad, as in the Second Book; where, though a dream is made to play a slippery trick, still it came from Jupiter; and so elsewhere. Indeed, I have no doubt that several parts of the Iliad were visions in form. To which view of Homer, the idea of his being blind, and listening, as it were, to Apollo playing on a lyre, as represented in that incomparable description of Homer's statue *, is peculiarly favourable. To the same purport is the account of true and false dreams, by Homer, who makes the former proceed from Jupiter. And exactly in the same manner his great imitator, Virgil. The Sixth Book of the Æneid, too, clearly holds out this idea;

* Vid. Anthologia Græca, lib. vi.

and relates, as Bishop Warburton has shewn, to the Eleusinian mysteries. The Cassandra of Lycophron is indisputably an oracular dream. For, though by the poet himself this is not asserted in so many words, yet the introduction of the poem being expressed in the accustomed style of the ancient dreamers; and the time, in which the oracular maid delivers her prophecies, being early in the morning—the very time when, according to the ancients, true dreams were given to men—such being, I say, the case, we may fairly conclude this ænigmatical poem to be literally a dream. Anacreon has, in his odes, given us one or two of his dreams; and from the resemblance of Sappho's famous ode to Venus to one of Anacreon's, I doubt not, that Sappho's must be added to the number. Horace, and the other Latin poets, have various poems, that must be confi-

dered, in reality, as dreams, and some they acknowledge to be such.—Petrarch was a great dreamer—his Laura furnished food for his day-dreams, as well as night-dreams: and some of his dreams were very extraordinary, and even prophetical *.

As to our English poets, who knows not, that they have all been dreamers? Our best poets were great dreamers. Geoffrey Chaucer has several dreams in form; so also has Cowley. Some have thought, that the *Paradise Lost* was one entire dream; all inspiration, yet a dream: and certain it is, that Milton himself leads us to conclude, that much of his poem was composed in dreams; meditated not only when he was blind, but in bed: there it was he was favoured with his “nightly visitant.”

* See Dobson's *Life of Petrarch*, vol. i.

I take no notice of inferior poets, who have been dreamers; for they, perhaps, would be infinite. The names mentioned bring with them the stamp of undoubted authority; they may be quoted as precedents; and are ample testimony, that a poet may dream by prescription.

The reader should notice, that my examples are derived from enlightened and polished nations. I could, undoubtedly, have produced, as vouchers for this important claim, those hardy, though unpolished, inhabitants of the north, who conquered the southern nations by their extraordinary courage, and the force of numbers: as the language of their poetry was supposed to be derived from the gods, so was it distinguished by the loftiest and most sounding metaphors *. Much of it, in-

* The Runic Poetry. It was called *the language of the gods*.

disputably, displayed that sublime species of oracular or prophetic dreams, noticed by Macrobius *: such, particularly, among the five pieces of Runic Poetry, is, the Incantation of Hervor †. In the Edda, almost all the songs might be denominated visions ‡. Ossian's poems exhibit the same character, as may be distinctly observed in the second and third books of Fingal.

And were I to be set on demonstrating, that this profession of dreaming is truly honourable, and not a mere poetical conceit, it might be insisted on, that the philosophers of antiquity were dreamers. Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Xenophon, and Ci-

* In *Somnium Scipionis*, lib. i. cap. 3.

† See five pieces of Runic poetry, translated from the *Islandic*.

‡ Edda of *Sæmund*, by A. S. Cottle.

cero *; their illustrious successors, also, the latter Platonists, Plotinus, Jamblicus, Simplicius, Julian, Proclus. The curious tales of Apuleius, entitled, *The Golden Ass*, and the *Wanderings of Cupid and Psyche*; to which let me add, Boethius's *Consolations of Philosophy*, would be properly characterized as visions, or dreams. And hence probably it is, that their admirers have not scrupled to call them 'divine men.'—But of this enough.—It only now remains, that I distinctly explain, by what means I fell in with this poetical

* The five years silence, that Pythagoras enjoined his disciples, was favourable to this practice. Much might be here observed on the Dæmon of Socrates; concerning which see the *Απολογία Σωκράτους*, by Plato. The *Somnium Socratis*, noticed by Apuleius, is, probably, as authentic as the *Somnium Scipionis*, given at full length by Cicero. To which may be added the elegant vision, entitled, *Tabula Cebetis*.

practice, and the exact mode, that I pursue, in the regular and orderly discharge of my duty.

Having been long a firm believer in the constancy and harmony of nature in all its operations, I have yet been obliged to pay some deference to those, who see much in anomalies, or deviations, from its ordinary laws. I admitted, indeed, that there has existed a too easy belief among the Jews and heathens, indeed among the christian fathers, and some of the most enlightened of modern believers, relative to prodigies, and that traditional conceits concerning futurity have been too inconsiderately imposed on the common people. However, as truth often lies in the neighbourhood of error, I determined to try, if I could not hit on some safer expedient for looking into futurity, and on some counsel to direct my conduct in the

greater concerns of life. I made some experiments, and actually published a prophecy, that was fulfilled in the year 1790.

I, as may be supposed, was delighted with the discovery, and hope to be the better for it as long as I live. But I presume to give no counsel on this head to men of great intellects, or extraordinary acuteness; and less still to some, whom I could mention, who, though they sleep enough, God knows, are never likely to benefit either themselves or others;—

“ Safe in their heaviness they never stray.”

Leaving, therefore, every dreamer to his own way of managing matters, I here, for the benefit of the world, speak only of what relates to myself.

It was owing to this my natural fondness for anomalies, that I readily closed, in earlier life, with the system of ancient mythology. In a kind of semi-poetical character I would keep none but high company: I was hand and glove with Jupiter, Neptune, Bacchus, and Mars; Apollo was my bosom friend; I had frequent interviews with all the gods supramundane and mundane: and being naturally most attached to the goddesses, I made hymns to them all. Juno, Diana, Venus, and all the rest had their proper address. I say, in me this proceeded from my love of anomalies: though I am well aware, that Plato and more particularly his disciples the latter Platonists, Julianus, Proclus, Simplicius, and others, assert, that such representations were by no means anomalies, but the sublime realities of nature, beautiful and venerable, though, to the vulgar, mystical

and recondite truths, making part of a system of wisdom as ancient as the universe : so that, according to these philosophers, while I thought, I was pursuing only shadows and anomalies, I was a genuine pupil of nature, a student of a system, in which material forms stood for intellectual energies *, and fables and symbols became vehicles for a profound philosophy †.

However, whether this mythology be right or wrong, is not the point : I fell out with the physical part of it, which belongs to poetry, leaving the theological still in the hands of the philosophers ‡, to whom I always bow with reverence

* Sallust. de Diis et Mundo, cap. 3. De Fabulis.

† That the Ægyptians, from whom the Greeks derived their mythology, believed so, see Enfield's History of Philosophy.

‡ See these distinctions in Macrobius's *Somnium Scipionis*, and Sallust de Diis et Mundo, as above, distinctly marked out.

and esteem. I disintangled all my poetry of every thing fabulous, or mythological, and bore my testimony, like a true champion for nature and sympathy, against the greatest of our English poets, not excepting Milton himself, for what appeared to me mythological inconsistencies*.

But what then? A fancy deeply rooted in the brain is not to be dispatched all at once. Having, however, completely eradicated the Grecian mythology, I began to work with the eastern. This, it is true, was travelling backward, a kind of crab-like motion: for I was not ignorant, that the Greek mythology was entirely derived from the East. But, who is always in a humour to proceed in the right-forward line of truth? I put

* This was published in the Dedication and Preface to Poems, of 1792, addressed to William Friend.

Baal, or Belus, for Jupiter; Ada, for Juno; Mithras, for Apollo. I had still my Nine Muses, though I called them by different names. I got myself surrounded with the empyreal world: and, as I formerly had my *dii superi et inferi*, I now laid claim to the higher orders of intelligences, together with those mystical emanations and intellectual principles, which constituted the fabric of the Chaldaic Theurgy*.

But my spirit was restless: I could not settle here. I then betook myself to the northern mythology. I was surprised to find how well it suited my purpose. I had little else to do, but to change the names, and I accordingly went to work again, with Odin, Lok, Tyr, Freya, Loduna, Ni-

* Stanley's History of the Oriental Philosophy, book ii.

order, &c. * I still preserved my first and second order of divinities, and I found substitutes for the Fates, Graces, Muses, and so on. Thus I proceeded, changing and complaining, inquiring and doubting, conjecturing and concluding, yet still wavering, like the needle's point, till very happily I fell into a profound sleep, and was thus delivered from all difficulties at once by a most significant and mysterious dream †. This rectified my mind, extricated me from innumerable perplexities, gave me, as it were, a new nature, and furnished me with a new system of opinions. From that day, being invariable and fixed to my point, I have continued

* See The Edda of Sæmund.

† This vision appears in the following series, and I actually enjoyed it by my own fireside, in my usual and regular way of dreaming. But, as I was immediately conveyed to the banks of the Isis, every reader, acquainted with the nature of dreams, will perceive, that it was incumbent on me to describe it as I have done.

a calm and successful dreamer: for dreams are from Jove*, are the shadows of truth; which is much more than some men, wide awake, can say of half their lucubrations.

It, therefore, remains, that I now present the serious reader, for to such only I address myself, with an account of my procedure in the discharge of my most important duty.

After having performed the business of the day, I retire to my lodging, with as much deliberateness and solemnity, as if I was entering Trophonius's cave, for such at this season is my room to me. But, instead of the usual rites and ceremonies performed by those who consulted the oracle of Trophonius, such as sacrificing a ram, washing in a river, anointing with oil, drink-

* ——— οὐαὶ ἐκ Διὸς ἔστι. HOMER.

ing of the river Lethe*, and the like, I endeavour to divest myself of every inordinate passion,—plunging myself, as I might say, in the depth of mind, purifying my affections, by thinking on the most amiable person I know, which, to speak the truth, is generally some lady, and to work myself up to a kind of poetical phrenzy. During this process, at a fixed time enters my old woman, who knows my manner. Her business is to bring my gown and night-cap, placing, at the same time, a pillow on the side of my elbow-chair, and two pipes with tobacco on the table, and to leave me without the smallest conversation.—During my smoking the first pipe, I think over, where I have been, what I have been doing, what I have left undone, and the like, for that day, as nearly as I

* See Potter's Grecian Antiq. vol. i. chap. x. from Pausanias and Plutarch.

can, according to the rule of Pythagoras *, adding moreover, which is going indeed beyond the rule of Pythagoras, what has been done by others, and, more particularly, in the great council of the nation. As soon as ever I come within the two or three last whiffs of my pipe, I as regularly fall asleep, as the clock strikes twelve when the hand points to the hour.

My sleep continues for three hours at a time, and sometimes more, and passes all before the approach of night—for at night I never dream—and during the dreaming fit, I sleep as sound, according to the saying, as a church-steeple. Strange things pass in my mind during this my separation from sense and matter; though, if I may judge

* Pythagoræ Νόμος Εστίν.

from what I feel, as well as from what my old lady tells me, with very different affections: sometimes in great agitations and violent contortions of body; sometimes I am all calmness and serenity; for, to use an expression of the old lady's, she sometimes finds me quiet and motionless, as the children in the wood, when they were covered with leaves by the Robin-redbreast.

As soon as I awake, I take my other pipe; and if any thing occurs, which I wish to keep in remembrance, either for myself, or the benefit of mankind, I put it down on paper, while I am smoking: it is remarkable, that my dreams are all in verse.

I lay stress on this circumstance for a very obvious reason. It ought to give considerable weight to

my dreams. For as, on the one hand, divining by dreams was a most ancient practice, in use with the Chaldeans * and all the Asiatics, as well as afterwards with the Greeks and Romans †, and all the nothern nations ‡; so was it usual, on the other hand, for oracles and prophecies to be delivered in verse. The Chaldaic oracles are || all in verse, as were commonly the Grecian. That most obscure, but prophetical poem, the Cassandra of Lycophron is in verse §. All the Hebrew pro-

* See the Book of Daniel, chap. ii.

† See the beginning of the second book of the Iliad, and the end of the sixth book of the Æneid.

‡ Olai Magni Hist. Gentium Septentr.

|| These were first published by Ludovicus Tiletanus, anno 1563. Le Clerc published them at the end of his Latin translation of Stanley's Philosophy, with a dissertation prefixed.

§ This most singular poem has been hitherto totally unknown to English readers. But a specimen, and a very elegant specimen, of a translation of it has lately been pub-

phesies are in verse *: and our old English Merlin, if I might be permitted to mention him, delivered all his twenty-four prophecies, whether true or false, I inquire not, in metre.

I fell into this more than ordinary attention to my dreams, so as to reckon on their importance, by the following discipline. I was, while yet a boy, incredibly fond of every thing that was rare and wonderful in nature, whether they were called the *monadica naturæ*, such as boiling springs, and petrifying waters; and was ready to go crazy, when I heard of a flaming mountain: and to this very day am quite fidgety, for having never seen

lished by W. Mean; which, as it will furnish some elucidation of a sublime species of poetry, will I hope, in due time, be completed.

* Lowth de Vet. Poesi Hebræorum.

Vesuvius or Ætna: The *lusus naturæ*, which, as some one elegantly expresses it, are those breaks, whereby the hand of nature divides, as it were, the plain ground of some common nature into an elegant variety, following and flying both at once: the *varietates naturæ*, also, delighted me, or those various species of things, with which different countries so entertain the curious of other nations, that one appears, yet is not, a prodigy to another*: all prodigies, whether they were called natural or miraculous, whether true or false, had some hold of my mind. And it is not, therefore, surprising, that I should be fond of dreams, and disposed to pay them a particular degree of credit.

* See Spenser on Prodigies.

The first book I ever read fairly through was
 BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

The reader will readily suppose, that I must have had, in the course of my life, an infinite number of important dreams; and his suppositions will be accurately founded: long ere the down budded on my chin, nay, when I used to bestride my rocking-horse, I remember having a thousand vagaries, or little dreaming fits, which clearly indicated, that, in the progress of years, I should dream not in the ordinary way, but significantly, energetically, and like a prophet. An old maiden aunt, whose fostering hand trained my infant mind, herself a most successful dreamer, and deeply versed in many curious arts, has often asserted, that my head was shaped exactly like John Bunyan's. And (for I adore her memory) I was so possessed of this idea, that, when I visited Bedford jail some thirty

years ago, I felt uncommon delight in drinking from the very jug, out of which Bunyan's honest soul drank, during his confinement in Bedford jail: the beverage, indeed, was of the ordinary kind: but the effect was like drinking so much empyreal fire: it was inspiration. It is true, through much intercourse with the world, I have been too apt to talk, and walk, to keep my eyes open, and my soul shut, like other men: but, I soon get right again, and never feel like myself, but when in my elbow-chair.—Aristotle and Baptista Porta, and since them Lavater, have shewn, that two skulls, formed alike, will necessarily admit similar fancies*.

* Δοκεῖ δέ μοι ἡ ψυχὴ καὶ τὸ σῶμα συμπαθεῖν ἀλλήλοις καὶ ἡ τῆς ψυχῆς ἕξις ἀλλοιομένη συναλλοιοῦ τὴν τῷ σώματι μορφήν. Aristoteles de Physiognomia, lib. iv. Eiusdem, lib. vi. Vid. etiam Physiognom. Johan. Baptistæ Portæ.

My dreams have related to all people and nations; I may say, to all worlds and systems of worlds. I have disputed with angels and immaterial dæmons, good and bad, as much as ever Count Swedenbourg did*. Fifty times have I visited the empyrean world, with Hortanis and Marcus, and as often the world æthereal with Proclus and Plotinus. I have been a hundred times in the moon, and conversed with Julian in the sun. I have had intercourse with material dæmons, travelled through all the planets, and was seated in the Georgium Sidus, long before it was discovered by Herschel. I have been visited by magicians, necromancers, and ghosts innumerable, have administered at the mithritic rites and the eleusinian mysteries. Endless are the enchanted

* Many of Swedenbourg's disputes with angels may be seen in his works.

castles, that I have assaulted, and the damsels that I have rescued, all kings daughters. I have visited the hall of Valhala, the regions of Tartarus, and the Elysian fields. I have been in the land of pygmies, and the land of giants.

In the year 1794, north lat. 65, I landed on a sea-monster five miles long ; and five degrees further north, saw a sea-serpent erecting his head a mile out of the ocean, and spouting water out of his mouth to an immense distance. I have been at the roots of the ocean, and by the throne of Jupiter ; have seen, and been enamoured of, the most beautiful women in every quarter of the globe ;— five years I was enslaved to a pair of Circassian eyes, as black as floes ; till travelling higher up, I saw a dame, called the queen of the north, with blue soft eyes, like the violet. Thus Tacitus de-

scribes the Germans. I was this lady's captive five years. Many of my dreams have been of a tender and very amorous nature; for I deny not, that I was always a slave to beauty: but most of them have been very serious. Indeed, many, as I have already hinted, were prophetic, by means of which I foresaw what was to happen, and what has really happened, in my country, for these ten years past; and I can make a tolerable guess at what will happen in the principal countries of the four quarters of the globe for five hundred years to come. At the same time, my dreams often take a most fantastic turn. For, though in my sleep terrestrial and celestial things often sympathize, as the old Chaldaic astrologers used to express it, yet my fancies sometimes play at cross purposes with one another; my dreams so slicing, dividing, subdividing, and then uniting again into such arabesque

forms, that I awake in a fit of loud laughter; and even now while I am alluding to them, am affected in a manner as if I had been bit by the tarantula: and this is my manner of dreaming.

Various are the reasons, why I have printed so few of my visions. My dreams I divide into true and false. The false are bubbles; I never follow them, but leave them to burst into air. As to the true dreams, that I am so backward to publish them, is owing in a measure to the bashfulness of my nature, and often to my extreme indolence. I neglect to put them down, and they are vanished for ever. But my principal reasons may be found in the gross sensuality, the beastly stupidity, and gigantic impiety of the present times. An effeminate, pusillanimous, trifling, vain-glorious world would not understand them.

The reader will further observe one circumstance, that my dreams are always sure to partake of the qualities of such meditations, as occupied my thoughts at the very moment I fell asleep; a circumstance, indeed, by no means peculiar to me. Several learned persons think, that our dreams are but, as it were, the shadows of what we have seen, heard, made the subject of our conversation, or even dreamt about (for some honest men have strange propensities this way) when we are wide awake. This will explain one characteristic feature in my dreams. If I have been seriously employed in the day, my dreams will be serious; if I have been humorously exercised, my dreams will be fantastic; and if, so to speak, serio-comically, then will my dreams be of a mixed character. A morning spent in the society of a lovely woman always produces a vision of indescribable delights.

Thus, I apprehend, has enough been delivered on the subject of dreaming, to exhibit its lawful pretensions, and its proper dignities. It will scarcely be expected, that I should so develope its procedure, as to expose its more recondite and mystic recesses. Its arcana must still be concealed from common curiosity. For, though I assert not, that I am bound to a law, like that which holds the freemasons, not to reveal the secrets of my order; or to deep silence, like that imposed by the Egyptian priests, and Pythagoras; or by any terrors, like those which seized such as were admitted to the eleusinian mysteries, restraining them to concealment; and though the maxim of vulgar conjurers, *ars est celare artem*, I hold in great contempt; yet, as I always am accustomed to approach my elbow-chair with reverence, so do I always return to the world with a degree of digni-

fied taciturnity; cautious of throwing away information on a thoughtless age, or, what would be as bad, of multiplying the number of dreamers: for a science had better be slowly understood, than treated with levity: and nothing brings it sooner into discredit, than a multiplicity of practitioners, and the contentions of triflers. On this principle I must ever admire the wisdom of those philosophers, who have given sufficient light to excite attention, but not enough to soothe the idle, or to gratify the impertinent.

It will still less be expected, that I should accompany any of my own dreams with particular explanations. The practice of those authors, who write notes on their performances, is, comparatively, of modern date. We now-a-days throw into notes and commentaries, what the ancients

embraced in the body of their work, as Plutarch's works abundantly prove : but this is not all : it is well known by the learned, that in all ages of the world, a dreamer and an interpreter of dreams have been distinct characters. The dreamer was a character of the highest distinction, and the most consummate authority : and it would have scarcely been reckoned consistent with his profession, to stoop to be his own interpreter. Homer may be consulted on this subject, and such as have written professedly on dreams, Macrobius, Artemidorus, and Achmes *. I, therefore, choose to abide by ancient usage, antiquity being a sufficient precedent, where at least we have not clear demonstration the other way.

* See Macrobius in *Somnium Scipionis*, cap. iii. Artemidori *Oneirocriticos*, cap. ii. and Achmetis *Oneirocriticos*. The latter writer has given particular explications of dreams as practised more particularly by the Indians, Egyptians, and Persians.

But I must here caution my readers, as, I believe, I have before, that every solemn creature is not to be considered as a true and regular dreamer. Some people, as might be demonstrated from indubitable marks in their frame and movements, in their muscles, foreheads, eyes, legs, sides *, as well as from their grave, monotonous, and hypochondriac-like behaviour, may be said to be always in a sleeping posture, in a half-dreaming condition. Again, some particular sort of food disposes people to dreams: and hence it was, that Pythagoras debarred his disciples the use of the bean †. Fish and raw fruits were supposed by the ancients to

* Vid. Aristotelis Physiognom, cap. iii.

† So Cicero says: but Aulus Gellius asserts that Aristoxenus the musician wrote a treatise to shew the contrary. Noctes, lib. iv. c. ii. However this be, Theophrastus and Plutarch bear testimony to the somniferous quality of beans.

produce confused dreams. Plutarch speaks of the head of the polypus as having some ill qualities. Excesses and even inanition affect our sleep, and produce dreams, as all medical writers inform us. Laudanum produces strange and even agreeable phantasms, but is an enemy to sober dreams. Violent disappointments and restless desires, love, vanity, ambition, and the like, have a wonderful power over the imagination, generate mighty phantasms, and produce dangerous superstitions. I warn my disciples against such dreams, at least they must not expect me to undertake the defence of them. Some have a wonderful propensity to dream at church; and, from the sacredness of the place, may probably expect oracular dreams. But let them guard against mistakes. The ancients did often, unquestionably, obtain oracular dreams in their temples; as Tully speaks of the Lacedemo-

nian Ephori, who were accustomed thus to dream in the temple of Pasiphae. Apuleius speaks of himself, as dreaming in the temple of Isis, and Suetonius of Vespasian dreaming in the temple of Health. But as oracles, in the more extensive signification, have now ceased, let men content themselves with dreaming in places better adapted to the present æra of the world: otherwise, they may expose themselves to the reproofs of their pastors, or to the banterings of wits, who may write SLEEPY SERMONS. As to authors, I leave them to their own guidance, for my business is not immediately with them. Men may be great writers, but bad dreamers; and, on the other hand, they may be great dreamers, and yet never write a word in their lives.

Of the five divisions of dreams made by the

ancients *, two only are worthy of a serious defence ; and how to manage matters with these, I leave to the ingenuousness of every reader ; cautioning them to guard against mistakes from the vagueness of the expression, and recommending them for further information to Macrobius, Geminus Pyrites, Artemon the Miletian, Artemidorus, Astramfychus, Philo-Judæus, &c. I think it a great reproach to the present times, that, among so many persons infinitely better dreamers than I am, no one has ventured to appear as an open advocate for dreaming but myself. But let none of my brethren be alarmed : I will not let out too much. I only drop hints : and so much by way of apology for dreaming.

* Macrobius in *Somnium Scipionis*, lib. i. cap. 3. Artemidori *Onirocritica*; distinguishes the *svnnyvov* from the *oreigos*.

It now only remains, that I wind up all with a suitable peroration : in which I will point out the services, which this essay may answer.

The first service it may answer, is, in affording not a vindication of this work, but an apology for the author. Multifarious pursuits and numerous regards may easily perplex our course, by multiplying our attentions. When duties cross one another, when one affection interrupts others, and wishes are altogether fruitless, by being endless, the mind becomes wearied by infinite aberrations, and finds at length repose, only in becoming stationary. Under such exercises it was, that I found it necessary, in my first essay, to apologize for dilatoriness. But, assuredly, had I not been too diffident, I should have been more explicit : I should have pleaded my propensity

to dreaming. Yes! when some friend has been complaining, perhaps, of my neglect, and accusing me of inconstancy, or, probably, even of folly, a hundred to one, but I was in a profound sleep, travelling from planet to planet, traversing the milky way, advancing to the outermost world of the material systems, the empyreal world, till I arrived at immaterial angels, dæmons, and gods *; or I have been pouring out my heart in tenderneſs, and shedding tears on the recollection of former days, of friendships, that can never be obliterated from my memory. Then again, of the fair-sex — Here, I am indeed, the least capable of doing justice to my feelings; for nature and affection have laid me under an eternal obligation to do homage to them. Beauty ſets my whole ſoul on fire; and to enumerate all the forms, that have excited my

* According to the Chaldaic Philoſophy.

regards, all the amiable women, that have bound my heart by ties of gratitude, would defeat all the powers of calculation. How often am I, while sitting in my elbow-chair, overpowered with recollections, and oppressed even to madness! Then it is, that sleep comes to my relief, and nothing but sleep can relieve me. I dream—Anacreon himself could not have dreamed more delightfully: and, as that bard enumerated Athenian women, Corinthian women, Achaian women, Lesbians and Ionians, Carians and Rhodians*, till going to the utmost limits of the known world, (which must have been, I suppose, in the poet's dreams,) and finding it impossible to do himself justice, he breaks off abruptly. Thus do I through almost every county of England, Scotland, and Wales.—At one time, I am listening to the melody

* See Anacreon's Ode, Εἰς τῆς αὐτῆς ἐρωτᾶ.

of female voices, or the charms of musical instruments. Then I am transported to another place : I become softened and captivated by the eyes of one, whom formerly I adored, and whom I still contemplate with all the softness of melancholy pleasure. I braid her hair, weave a chaplet for her head, and strew her path with roses. Then, by the side of a river, I stretch myself on nature's carpet, variegated with the simplest flowers ; or recline in an alcove, overshadowed with honeysuckles ; while the softest zephyrs, and the songs of the most melodious warblers, lull us to repose. This is all a dream !—Ah ! what better excuse could be made for my seeming neglect, than this, Behold ! He dreameth.—For these visions have held me for days and weeks, I may say, even for months and years. Who, then, can properly estimate this art ? It is inestimable. I had rather be in the

possession of the art of dreaming, than of all the emollients and soporifics of Hippocrates, Asclepiades, Celsus, or Galen; of all the anodynes of Paracelsus; of all the balms, and spices, and myrrhs of Arabia; than of the knowledge of the longitude, or of the philosopher's stone!

Another important service I propose by this essay, as an apology not more for ancient, than modern, poets. I have already alluded to the improper spirit of many critics in their treatment of ancient authors. Thus, for example, they speak of the father of history, Herodotus, as an utterer of fables. I settle this business in regard to Herodotus, and other ancient historians, more easily, as well as more candidly and critically, by maintaining, that they were occasionally dreamers; and, that what some people are pleased to call

fables, were literally dreams. Herodotus, indeed, says, that he reports them, after others. But, what are we to understand by this *? Indisputably this; that he records the dreams of the Egyptians (among whom, as he confesses, he travelled,) or, at least, learned to dream after them. And that the Egyptians, the Chaldeans †, Persians, and Indians, were all eminent dreamers is universally acknowledged. This art, then, travelled from the East. India, therefore, has with great propriety been called the *cradle* of the arts and sciences; among which, dreaming always claimed peculiar honours. In like manner, the philosophers, as for example, Pythagoras, travelled into the East. And, when we

* Herodot. Clio.

† Vid. Achmetis *Ovripoxitros*.

hear him asserting, as Ælian * maintains he did, what may seem quite irreconcilable to common apprehensions, we collect, undoubtedly, that he excelled in the art of dreams. The *ἑξ ἐπιγλωττη*, the five years silence enjoined his disciples, was peculiarly favourable to this art. As to the poets, I mean the Greek and Roman, I have given undoubted proofs, that they were all dreamers: and this might be more clearly demonstrated of the Asiatics. I cannot, therefore, help expressing my surprise, that, when critics are accounting for the high-sounding language of the Asiatic poetry, and referring it to the nature of their history, to their language, morals, discipline, climate, fables, and proverbs, that they should have omitted to have mentioned their dreams; for dreaming and

* Ælian, Var. Hist. lib. iv. c. 17.

even prophesying by dreams, they could not but know, were universally practised amongst them.

As to the Celtic nations, as all their doctrines and modes of divination are of Oriental extraction, we may naturally expect to find, as indeed we do find, the art of dreaming among them *; to which their manner of secluding themselves, (I allude more particularly to the Druids,) in caves, and dens, and groves, was peculiarly favourable †: and that their bards practised it, who indeed were but an order of Druids, is evident, as already hinted from the Edda,—the most ancient record of northern poetry,—and the five Runic odes, already alluded to.

* Cæsar de Bell. Gall. lib. iv. observes, that they reckoned their time by nights.

† Tacitus de Moribus German.

I hope, then, in pleading for modern poetry, on the ground of its being a refined and sublime species of dreaming, not to be opposed by too hasty objections. For, though it should be asserted to be my manner only, (which yet I have not vanity enough to allow,) still is the practice of all antiquity on my side. And, though the practice is too much discontinued, which I am sorry to confess, yet is the language even of modern poetry still a voucher for this most ancient and universal custom. And who will not acknowledge, that popular language best evinces the reality of ancient usages and obsolete customs? Hence our poets, I mean the English, in their most unguarded moments, and in the most unsophisticated ingenuousness of their hearts, still use the venerable and significant language of their forefathers; Inspiration, Trances, the Muses' Dreams, Poetic Visions,

dreams of Pindus, and a thousand such expressions, all proving, that the land of dreams is, as it ever was, the true and proper region of poetry. So that the poet, when he wishes to raise himself to the highest pitch, and to give the reins to his imagination, naturally adopts the words of a sleeper, (though, alas! he too often uses fiction, when he ought to practise realities), throws himself back in his easy chair, and cries "Sleep, my strains; sleep, my lyre." Henceforth, then, with permission, I shall use the art of dreaming, not only as the guide to my own poetic raptures, when I choose to indulge in them, but as a key to genuine criticism. So that, leaving metaphysics entirely out of the account, when I hear the critics accusing the poets, as I sometimes have, of reveries, flights, extravagances, inconsistencies, violation of unities, mythologies, fables, and the like; all contrary, as

they say, to truth and nature, I hope to be forgiven in taking another course. I shall ascend my little bark, and sail after them on their sea of dreams, and if, on their arrival in port, I find they have had a sound rudder, sails in good order, a vessel well manned, and properly trimmed, I will hail their arrival with shouts and congratulations. I will leave for a while Aristotle, though I still hold him in respect; and, instead of saying with Plutarch, quoting an ancient poet, who ought never to be forgiven,

——πολλὰ ψευδονται αοιδοί,
Poets tell many falsehoods,

I will rather follow Horace,

—— Aliquando bonus dormibat Homerus,
—— Good Homer sometimes dreams.

And thus, by my skill in dreams, having, I think, rescued poetry and the poets from many embarrass-

ments, I have rendered the most important services to mankind.

But I shall not stop here—for having now discovered the true art of poetry, I intend to improve it to some important purpose. And I know not how better to effect my wishes, than by submitting to the consideration of men of genius, whether it would not be for the public utility to set on foot regular societies or clubs for dreaming. Every one is well acquainted, that strength is acquired by union. On this principle of combination it is, that the most useful institutions have been founded, and on this principle they may be defended. The effects of such societies would be great and lasting. The regions of poetry would be considerably extended, imagination need set no bounds to its excursions, and the taste and

pleasure of the public would be in proportion to the fancy of the poet. Such societies would, I know, excite the notice of government ; but not in a way of dissatisfaction, or opposition : for our governors, finding such clubs composed of quiet and peaceable people, and, at the same time, observing the beneficial consequences of these social dreamings, would take them under their protection, and be proud to confer on them literary honours, by establishing regular colleges for dreaming.

When such societies are formed, I should humbly propose, that they are not to be bound by such laws as govern states, or ordinary private societies ; and for this obvious reason ; as dreams lie not within the regions of common nature, so ought they not to be subject to human jurisdiction. The civil magistrate has no right to control

them: They should be free as air, uninterrupted as the light of heaven. Rules, if they have any, should be mere regulations, to preserve private liberty; not laws, to limit the boundaries of dreams.

In order to be a member of such society, it should be a sufficient qualification, that the candidate has practised, and understands, the art of dreaming. No inquiry should be made into his political or religious opinions: though I think, that over and above the knowledge of the *licentia somniatoris*, every member should be well acquainted with the principles of liberty, both civil and religious.

As no men, however, should be received into this community, but such as are real dreamers, the room of convention, perhaps, might have this

motto over it, *ἄδεις ἀνονειρός* * *εἰσιτω*, in the same manner as Plato had *ἄδεις ἀγεωμετρήτος εἰσιτω* †: and, agreeably to the principles of toleration, (I here recommend to such societies to study *Locke's Treatise on the subject*), every one should allow his brother to dream in his own way, his full length of time, and on any subject he pleases: Whoever wakes first, should bind himself to a Pythagorean taciturnity, and remember the *ὥς ἐπιγλωττή*; or else quietly leave the room, without giving the least interruption to others.

Let it not, however, be imagined, that by this proposal I have any view to my own interest. Far be it from me, like some public-spirited charac-

* Let no man unacquainted with dreams enter here.

† Let no man enter without understanding geometry.

ters, to propose a generous plan, in order to place myself at the head. I am ill-qualified to be the leader of a sect. A head so light as mine should never ascend an eminence. All that I aspire to, is, either to be permitted to sit quietly in my own elbow-chair, or to be the humblest member of such a society as I have referred to, on a promise, never to disturb my brethren: my highest ambition being, to be permitted to dream according to my own taste; my greatest pleasure, to hear that others have a taste, and manner of their own.

And thus, as a poet * had the honour of presenting the model, not indeed every way perfect, of the Royal Society, and the historian † of that so-

* A Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy. COWLEY'S Works.

† Spratt's Hist. of the Royal Society.

ciety gives him all due honour, so have I furnished important hints for erecting another new college, in the history of which I hope to be remembered, as a well-wisher at least to the Society.

THE DREAMS OF PINDUS.

IN that blithe season, when, on every spray,
 Love lifts the fluttering wing, and warms each
 flow'r,
 In muse-frequented, fancy-colour'd bower,
 Sleep's pris'ner, lock'd in vision deep, I lay :
 Isis, fair river, flows the bower beside,
 Moist'ning the bank, as wont, with kisses sweet ;
 While Cherwell pours along his silver tide,
 The kindred-stream in kind embrace to meet :—
 “ Ah! thus I cried, as now these streams combine,
 “ Might man with fellow-man in friendly union
 join.”

The stately sun had left his mid-day throne ;
 And on the waters play'd his sloping beam ;

Silent awhile the feather'd warblers seem ;
 And faint with heat, the daised meadows shone.
 Soon as soft slumbers have ensnar'd my eyes,
 I hear a voice, that speaks in accent strong ;
 " Bright scénes shall rise successive: man, be
 wife,
 " And mark each shadowy form, that glides along."
 Now all is still : a fairer landscape shines,
 Of Nature's liveliest green, of Beauty's boldest
 lines.

One vision soon is past ;—when I behold
 A Form descend, whom nine fair virgins led ;
 A glory beams from his ambrosial head :
 Bright are his eyes : his locks all-shining gold :
 A golden chaplet binds his comely brows ;
 His golden lyre with art is aptly strung :
 And now, with musings deep his visage glows,

While nature rapt in mute attention hung.

But when th' immortal minstrel strikes the lyre,

What high-born raptures seize that blest enthu-

siaft choir * !

What pencil may describe those virgins fair,

Their mystic forms, their eyes of heav'nly light ?

Where poesy and music's powers unite,

Who may their many-mingling charms declare ?

These damsels sing in turn, then sweep the string

Of loftier harp, or breathe the melting lute ;

Now clang the citterns, now the cymbals ring,

As different sounds the different genius suit.

Thus Fancy, ever various, loves to please ;

Thus from light discord calls the sweeter har-

monies.

Proud was their song ; of gods, and heroes brave,
 Of Jove loud-thundering, and his awful queen,
 And her, the virgin rare, of Sylvan mien,
 And Beauty's goddess, sprung from ocean wave :
 Nor less of her, the warrior, from whose eye
 Beam'd wisdom, gorgon-terror from whose breast;
 And him, that god, who lifts the tempest high,
 Or calms at will the raging sea to rest :
 All to whose power immortal heights belong ;
 All, whom the muse has deign'd to raise in death-
 less song.

But quickly now successive to my view *,
 Far different forms, and different scenes arise,
 Suns dazzling-bright, and ever-purpling skies,
 Ambrosial streams, and fields of heavenly hue :

And far away a wide-extended stream,
 Sacred the name, and dear in Eastern lore,
 (More stately lives not in the poet's dream)
 Rolls its proud wave beside the silent shore.

And hark! a thousand songs to Mithra rise,
 Luxuriant as the fields, and glowing as the
 skies.

The rapt'rous notes fill every sacred bower,
 Till now, as slumb'ring, clos'd the eye of day;
 Then pour'd the nightingale his liquid lay,
 Perch'd on a branch beside a favourite flower:
 And near the flower his eyes are glittering-
 bright;

And near the flower his notes so wildly rove,
 As though his little breast with fond delight
 Would break, for blooming Rosa was his love.

"Sweetest of flowers, oh ! still thy stay prolong :

"Oh ! sweetest bird, still pour thy soothing melting song."

The scene is chang'd—now towering forms I
view *,

With limbs of giant-size, and yellow hair ;

And loud to heaven they lift the warlike air ;

Bold is their front : their eyes of heavenly blue.

Louder and louder still refounds the strain ;

Wild clash the shields, responsive to the sound ;

While warriors, mail'd in horror, scour the plain,

And grievously foemen, groaning, bite the ground !

"Joy to the brave !" I hear the bardic cry ;

"Lift high (the day is won) the song of victory !

And now fantastic forms around are seen,

Goblins and griffins, sprites, a motley band,

And he, who whilom rul'd in fairy-land,

That merry, pranking king, and elfin queen.

“ Oh! slay thee, Oberon—lo! a gentle knight

“ Implores thy aid, on val'rous deeds intent;

“ True to his love, and panting for the fight,

“ On great emprise in distant regions bent.”

Oberon is slay'd; “ and take that horn, he cries,

“ And take that sacred ring, and every danger flies.”

And lo! a castle rears its lofty wall,

And fiery dragons guard the building round;

Ah! who would dare to tread infernal ground?

The knight has dared: no terrors may appal:

Though hell were near the place, he must ad-

vance:

Deep-foams his fiery steed, and prances high,

Till, by the terror of his flaming lance,
Close-lock'd in death those raving monsters lie.

Loud-blows his horn: the gates wide open spread:
And proud he enters in, and towers his crested
head.

And, oh! what freezing scenes to view unfold!

How stare, with horror wild, his stony eyes!

What piteous howlings, and what frantic cries!
Stound are his ears! his blood runs shivering—cold!

Here deep enthrall'd lies many a lady bright,
Ah! doom'd by giant curs'd to writhe in pain,
Or yield, vile service! to his damn'd delight,
Who, deep retir'd, here holds his dev'lish reign:—
But by the knight's stout arm that monster fell
Has felt the stroke of death, and hastens down
to hell.

" Now, ladies, take heav'n's fairest, richest boon,
 " Freedom is yours ; God speed you on your way :"
 And now the knight shall hail the happy day ;
 High the desert, and he shall triumph soon :
 A princess bright (such honours crown the brave)
 In pride of youth awaits thy wish'd return ;
 Full many a fair, fir knight, 'twas thine to save ;
 Nor vainly could that breast with glory burn.
 —And now the fairy scene eludes my sight ;
 Fled is the princess fair, and fled the valorous
 knight.

But hark ! the master of the Runic rhyme,
 Strikes the hoarse shell, and wakes the rumbling
 lay ;
 And lo ! the fire of men pursues his way,
 To try Vaftrudnis' skill in truth sublime.
 Now Gothic wisdom beams upon my sight ;

Now mystic truth enchains my wond'ring mind ;
 Whence earth and heav'n, and all those worlds
 of light,
 The mighty gods, and heroes of mankind ;
 The Morning's virgin eye, Eve's purple glow,
 And all the flowers that bloom, and all the herbs
 that grow.

But thick now hurtling in the murky air,
 See glittering helmets, and many a quivering lance !
 And, lo ! the fatal sisters now advance,
 Orkney, for woe ! Erin for woe prepare !
 Lo ! north and south the grieved spectres fly :
 Grim-visag'd Terror scowls on all the plain ;
 And, hark ! the ponderous groan, the frantic cry,
 The cry, the groan of many a hero slain.
 —Close, scene of horror, on my aching eyes !
 The fatal dames are sped ;—and lo ! the vision
 flies.

But mighty squadrons now embattle round,

And guilty conquest has distain'd the field :

Heralds of peace—must they to fury yield ?

Shall unarm'd victims feel the deadly wound ?

Yes ! they have fall'n, the bards, fair Cambria's
pride,

Truth's tuneful priests, to heav'n they lift the prayer.

Yet not unmourn'd the blameless victims died ;

See distant harpers hov'ring in the air !

While brave Aneurin mourns his Hoel slain ;

And Pity droops the head at soft Llewellyn's strain.

Thus do these visionary pageants gleam ;

Some quick retire, while others glittering rise ;

As once those angel-shapes from opening skies,

Passing, repassing, liv'd in Jacob's dream.

Ah ! scenes that live in Fancy's fruitful eye !

Ah ! forms that can beguile a life of woe !

Who, proud in truth, would ev'ry day-dream fly ?
 Who, rob'd in wisdom, Fancy's charm forego ?
 Return! unreal forms, if ye can please ;
 Oh ! take my sober thoughts, and wrap my soul
 in ease.

Last in the train I hear a tuneful band,
 —Still vibrates on my ear the various song,—
 To whom the potent charms of verse belong ;
 Mortals they seem, and seem of diff'rent land ;
 Their voices diff'rent, loud, soft, shrill, and clear :
 How drinks my ear each bold and liquid lay !
 How thrills my heart with pity, love, and fear,
 As pierc'd with horror wild, or transport gay !
 Trembling, I cry, oh ! might I aid that choir !
 But fruitless all the pray'r—the shadowy groups
 retire.

Now all is past, and not a form is seen;

While silence reigns—(as when a vernal shower

Sheds on the meadows round a fruitful store,

And leaves the grateful landscape all serene)

But soon,—thus changeful is the life of man—

Some genius leads me to a secret cave,

Form'd by proportion's nicest, truest plan,

And Ocean rolls beside the placid wave.

Straight as I enter, oh! what sweet surprise

Has seiz'd my raptur'd heart, and fill'd my ra-

vish'd eyes!

There art had cull'd from nature stores divine;

There plac'd in brilliant rows with studious care,

Whatever boasts the sea of treasures rare;

Whate'er of sparkling ore conceals the mine;

The branching coral, red, and white, and blue,

The silvery pearl, the crystal bright and clear,

Em'ralds of grēen, the ruby's scarlēt hue,
 The pride of climēs, and blossoms of the year;
 All, that could please and charm a gazer's eyes;
 For here, though small the spot, did seem a paradise.

By nymphs attended, here a Sylvan maid,
 (Cities she fled, and spurn'd the chain of Love;
 Her love, to range the mountain, stream, and
 grove)

Finds rest and coolness in the quiet shade.

And near, an aged dame, of power supreme,—
 Prolific parent she, the sov'reign high

Of nature's boundless realms—yet fond did seem
 Of simplest chaplet, cull'd from meadows nigh.

How mild her eye!—Thus beams the morning
 light—

How all the Goddess Form now swells upon my
 sight!

“ Be thine,” she said, and gaz’d upon the flowers,
 With looks of melting sweetness and delight,
 “ With many a dazzling scene to feast thy sight;
 “ To follow Fiction through her magic bowers;
 “ To trip with Fancy in her airy dance;
 “ With tiptoe revelries, and wild surprize:
 “ To mark each pageant in its proud advance
 “ From shadowy deeps, and visionary skies:
 “ Sweet are the haunts, wherever genius roves,
 “ Through fields of vision’d bliss, or academic
 groves.

“ Sooth’d into softness by the melting song,
 “ Charm’d into reverence by the mighty theme,
 “ Be thine to kindle at each muse’s dream,
 “ To hail with reverence all the tuneful throng.
 “ Theirs be the praise—nor slender be the praise,—
 “ To make new worlds, to burst the bounds of time,

" Their stately monument of fame to raise,
 " And on the heart to bind the magic rhyme :
 " Bold their design, each daring charm to seize,
 " And rouse to wonder, where they mean to
 please.

" Thine be the warblings of the humbler lyre,
 " Humble, but not inglorious : thine to sing
 " The Morning's glittering eye, the virgin Spring,
 " The power of Beauty, Freedom's holy fire ;
 " To guide the youthful poet on his way ;
 " To rouse the virtues, soothe the soul of pain.
 Enough : if Genius may but feel the lay ;
 Enough : if Friendship but approve the strain :
 And if, for life's short day-dream soon shall fly,
 The muse may charm a pang, or check a rising
 sigh.

THE PADLOCKED LADY.

A VISION.

HENCE the world!—and sleep my muse!
 So will I stroll, where'er I choose;
 Roll in my chariot o'er the seas;
 Or ride a broomstick, if I please;
 Breakfast with gods, and take my dinner
 With any faint, or any sinner;
 And sup at eve, to kill the spleen,
 With Mab, my little fairy-queen.

'Tis done;—and sleep has bound my eyes;
 —'Tis done; and now the vision flies:
 For, 'tis not given me to be long,
 To speak the myst'ries of my song.
 Listen ye young, and listen old,
 And try the vision to unfold.

Far I travelled to the East,
 And far I travelled to the West;
 I pinch'd the North-Bear's frozen tail;
 And Southward, Southward, now I fail.
 As late I wander far, and far,
 To watch the rising ev'ning-star;
 And, heedless of the lapse of time,
 Muse, as I go, the mystic rhyme,
 From human footsteps far I stray,
 Thro' deep long labyrinths of way;
 Till now, from mazes round and round,
 My feet have reach'd their utmost bound:
 For, on the lonely rocky shore,
 I hear the ocean's thund'ring roar.

Above my head huge mountains rise,
 That seem to lift a weight of skies
 Where, lost in the mysterious height,
 The garish eagle wires his flight.

Ah ! vain it were to track the wind,
 As, backward now the path to find !
 And forward nothing can I view,
 But boundless seas, and skies of blue.
 And who will guide my doubtful feet ?
 Oh ! might I some kind genius meet !
 For lonely, ah ! lonely, here I stray,
 Pilgrim benighted on my way.

“ Behold me, on your call attend—
 “ Pilgrim ! Behold your guide and friend.”

I look—and, wondering, I behold
 Near me a Form erect, but old.
 White was his beard, as virgin-snows,
 And a white garment downward flows.
 Still on his cheek the rose was spread ;
 And his blue eyes a lustre shed.

For, though in years he seem'd a Sage,

His was the reverend charm of age.

“ Pilgrim bewildered, I would know,

“ What is the course thy feet would go ?

“ But, ere my hand direct the way,

“ Say, pilgrim, whence thy footsteps stray ?”

As late enwrapt in sleep I lay,

While still smil'd out the face of day,

I saw a Form, as seraph bright,

Descend from realms of heavenly light.

Her wings, wide-waving, brightly shone,

Resplendent as an eastern sun.

Her locks of gold stream loose behind,

Disporting in the frolic wind.

The rosy cheek, the eye of fire,

The gay luxuriance of attire,

Her movements, negligently gay,

Distinctly to my gaze display,

Far, far, beyond the reach of art,
 All, that can win upon the heart.
 My heart is won, and now I rove,
 If I may see the form I love.
 My heart is won, and yet my heart
 Feels nought of love, except the smart.
 For ne'er, methought, these eyes shall see,
 A being heavenly-fair as she.
 Still while I press, her image flies,
 And in my void embraces dies;
 A restless lover, still I stray,
 Flitting, and urging life away.
 I seek what never may be found;
 And I have sought the world around.

Swift as the wing of morning-light,
 Downward I first direct my flight.

Nile, Egypt's pride, in current strong,
Rolls the salubrious stream along.

And now, I range at large the shores
Thro' all the motley tribes of Moors;
Nations and kingdoms far and wide,
As still my strong affections guide;
This all my wish, and all my prayer,
"Oh! might I find this heavenly fair!"

Lo! backward then I urge my course,
And track the Nile's prolific source.
Till, quick as thought, I traverse o'er
The desert plain, the mountain hoar;
Tracts immense of blasted land,
Boggy wastes, and scorching sand,
Where never rain descends in showers,
Nor zephyr lingers in the bowers:
No fruit, no herb, no flowers appear;—
One burning summer binds the year.

I hear the Lybian lion roar ;
 I pass the tiger, gorg'd with gore.
 The fullen bear beside me prowls,
 And the grim wolf, as famish'd, howls.
 —Bold is my heart, my spirits gay,
 I heed no troublers of the way.
 Thus thro' all Afric's realms I go,
 Still anxious thro' those realms to know,
 —'Tis all my wish, 'tis all my pray'r,—
 If here might dwell this heav'nly fair.

They bring a dame, “ and this is she,
 “ Beauteous and wise, and great and free.”
 “ Azza her name, I wear her chain,
 “ And far and wide is Azza's reign.”

My heavenly fair ! it was not she :—
 Azza was neither fair, nor free.

Her visage dark, but told within
 Some hidden mystery of sin.
 Darkly her savage eyeballs roll,
 But darker, ah! darker was her soul.
 Vers'd in the depth of female wiles,
 Death, flav'ry, hell, were in her smiles.
 Hence in disdain I took my flight,
 Who shall mislead a lover's fight?

Lo! now I face the eastern sun!
 And quick as light my course is run.
 Bright upon my ravish'd eyes,
 All Asia's golden glories rise.
 Full in my sight, before me go,
 In all the pomp and pride of show,
 Kings, princes, emperors, sages grave,
 Warrior-chiefs, and heroes brave.
 And many a female form is seen,

And each might pass for Beauty's queen:
 Still all my wish and all my prayer,
 "Oh! could I meet my heavenly fair!"

They bring a dame, "and this is she;—
 "Leila isauteous, great and free."
 Not the crystal, clear and bright,
 Shone like her eyes' ætherial light;
 Not the pearl, however fair,
 Could with her snowy skin compare;
 Her cheek a colour did disclose,
 Beyond the ruby, or the rose;
 Her locks in easy ringlets play'd,
 Darker than night's mysterious shade:
 Her lovely lips were blushing-red,
 Like coral in its native bed;
 Her breath than violet more sweet;
 Her teeth like iv'ry white and neat.

And to what Nature could impart,
Leila had ev'ry charm of Art.

Realms were subject to her sway,
And hosts of slaves her call obey.
Merchants and nobles do but roam,
To bring for Leila treasures home.
Heziaz' nards, and Mecca's flowers,
And all the foul of Tuda's bowers;
Each perfume, that its sweets distills,
From Naged's groves, or Naidis' hills;
All that in Golconda shines
Of glittering rock, or golden mines;
All on the lovely Leila wait,
For not more beauteous she than great.

But what is beauty, what is power?
Fleeting like the passing hour.

Beauty, scarce beauty seems to be,
 That spurns the glory to be free.
 Riches are poor, and power is weak,
 Unless they nobler triumphs seek.
 Leila would every thought control,
 For she was tyrant in the soul.
 My heavenly fair !—It was not she—
 I scorn the dame, that is not free.
 Hence in disdain I take my flight :
 Who shall mislead a lover's sight ?

But loftier now I soar in soul,
 Uprising towards the northern pole :
 O'er woods, and rocks, and hills of snow,
 Swift as the whirlwind's speed I go.
 Now on the ocean vast I roam,
 And see the Norway monster foam,
 Floating along for many a mile,
 As some proud sea encircled isle ;

While, like tall masts, sea-serpents rise,
 With sinuous motions to the skies :
 Till backward now I gain the strand,
 And traverse thro' each distant land.
 Swift thro' Lapland's frosts I haste ;
 Swift thro' Siberia's trackless waste ;
 See people fierce, and people strong,
 In hardy squadrons wheel along ;
 See princes in long order go,
 With royal port and martial brow ;
 See many a smiling royal dame,
 With eye of fire, and stately frame ;
 Still all my wish, and all my prayer,
 " Where shall I find my heavenly fair ?"

" Behold your dame ! and this is she ;
 " Skada is beauteous, fair, and free."

My heavenly fair ! It was not she :—
 Skada was neither fair nor free.
 Wild was her look, and stern her air,
 Fierce as a northern meteor's glare.
 Skada, tho' practis'd long in art,
 Ne'er felt the softness of the heart.
 Her will was law ; her word was fate :
 Her only glory to be great.
 Hence in disdain I take my flight ;
 Who shall mislead a lover's fight ?

Now like a spirit airy-free,
 Soon have I pass'd th' Atlantic sea ;
 And I have reach'd Columbia's shore,
 And travell'd motley nations o'er.
 Rapt in my strange mysterious love,
 Northward many a league I rove.

Still anxious, restless still I go,
O'er seas of ice, and hills of snow ;
Valleys, that shew no verdure's pride,
And lakes, that spread like ocean wide ;
Till pinnacling a neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand.
Then downward far I take my flight,
O'er sunny plains, o'er many an height.
Peruvian mines, and Chili's shades
Soon my restless soul pervades ;
Rivers, that teem with golden ore,
And rocks, that gild the southern shore.
And many a youth, and many a dame,
Of lofty port, and royal name,
Pass and repass before my sight,
All in glittering robes bedight.
Yet none of all the dames I see,
Is like my charmer fair and free.

Again, as quick as lightning fleets,
 I pass the equinoctial heats.
 And now I wander every plain,
 Wide-stretching towards th' Atlantic main.
 Here many a distant state I see
 All by one fettled league agree ;
 (As still around a glorious sun,
 The planets far-encircling run ;)
 Each people differing much in name,
 But still in arts and laws the same.
 Here Love was gay, and honest Toil
 Had labour'd long the happy soil :
 And Plenty well rewards the pain,
 For every field wide-waves with grain. ;
 With sail outstretch'd, while Commerce stands,
 Prepar'd to visit distant lands ;
 Tho' Want compells no swain to roam,
 For Peace endears a native home.

Ah! happy, happy people tell,
 Does here my lovely charmer dwell?
 Still all my wish and all my prayer,
 That I might meet my heavenly fair.

They bring a dame—"and this is she—
 "Lo! Eleutheria! great and free."

The dame was free, the dame was bright,
 Glittering her eye, like heaven's own light.
 Her locks of gold stream loose behind,
 Disporting as the frolic wind.
 The rosy cheek, the soul of fire,
 The gay luxuriance of attire;
 Her movements, negligently gay,
 Distinctly to my gaze display,
 Far, far beyond the reach of art,
 All, that can win upon the heart.

Warm glows my breast; my spirits rise;—
 And rapture kindles in my eyes!
 Till shivering cold, at length, prevails
 Thro' all my limbs—and language fails.
 Then accents faint my soul declare,
 “Yes! thou art she! my heavenly fair.”

With virgin blush and smiling eyes
 Fair Eleutheria straight replies—
 Pilgrim, not yet thy course is run,
 Pilgrim, not yet thy labour done.
 Tho' mild my form, tho' free my air,
 Yet am I not thy noble fair;
 Tho' still with her I kindred claim,
 And from her I derive my name.
 In a gay isle, beyond the main,
 My mother holds her golden reign.
 The fairest she the fair among,
 For ever fair, for ever young.

And she hath many ages told ;
 But seems in wisdom only old.
 Tho' small the native realms she owns,
 Yet does she govern distant thrones.
 Her empire reaches far and wide ;
 Thro' every sea her navies ride :
 The treasures rare of every soil
 She brings, to bless her fav'rite isle.
 And, while she boasts the treasures rare,
 Still her own fields are fresh and fair.
 This said, fair Eleutheria flies,
 Quick-glancing from my longing eyes.

High-beats my lofty soul again ;
 I skim across th' Atlantic main :
 This isle I see—my hopes expand ;
 And quick I traverse all the land.
 But tho' I travel round and round,
 Yet no where is my charmer found :

Tho' still my wish, and still my prayer,
 Oh! could I meet my heavenly fair!
 And here at length my course I stay,
 From many a labyrinth wild of way.
 What fate, oh Sage! remains for me?
 Say, canst thou read Heaven's high decree?

The Sage replies—Yes! son, I know,
 Whence thou dost come, and where wouldst go.
 Pilgrim, not yet thy course is run,
 Pilgrim, not yet thy labour done.
 Heav'n's ways I read—and well attend;
 In me behold a guide and friend.

In vain thy wanderings far and near,
 Thy lovely mistress dwells not here.
 The isle, for which thy spirit fights,
 Still many a league in distance lies.

Nor let these words thy soul affright,
Lo! once for all I set thee right.

He said—and high he rais'd his hand ;
And wide he wav'd his magic wand ;
When thus: “ To man 'tis giv'n to know
“ His share of bliss, and share of woe.
“ Soon shalt thou view the wish'd-for isle,
“ Towards which thou long wast doom'd to toil ;
“ Soon shalt behold the matchless dame,
“ Whom thou dost ‘ HEAVENLY FAIR’ proclaim.
“ And thou shalt view her passing great,
“ Rob'd in full majesty of state ;
“ But still, with soul of anguish too,
“ That heav'nly Fair degraded view.
“ My mission past, lo! I retire,
“ Thy guide is near—no more inquire.”

Soft-glides a vessel now to shore,
And, lo! the Sage is seen no more.

I enter—softly blows the breeze;
Mild is the sun, and smooth the seas.
With swelling sail, and streamers gay,
The vessel cuts the watry way.
Soft Lydian measures lull to rest
The rising cares, that swell my breast.
No adverse winds obstruct our course;
No marshall'd billows urge their force.
In quiet state and gilded pride,
Quick o'er the ocean-stream we glide.
Till soon, in skies of lightest blue,
Glittering cliffs ascend to view;
And now behold the wish'd-for land!
And now we wander o'er the strand.
Nor doubts, nor fears, my course impede,
I follow on, as Heav'n may lead.

In a long deep recess there lies
A cave unseen by mortal eyes.
High on each side huge rocks arise,
And proudly seem to scale the skies.
The jetting sides compose a bay,
Where Ocean lingers long his way :
For here the silent waters sleep,
As broken from the parent deep.
Woods grace the rocks, and from their brow
On the dark waters frown below.

See now before my ravished eyes
A mighty scene of wonders rise !
The waters near the cave are fled,
And mingle with their native bed.
Then soon I view the sacred cave,
Clos'd in, till now, beneath the wave.

And wide the massy gates unfold,
 Massy gates of glittering gold.
 Thro' all my limbs what trembling reigns!
 What freezing runs thro' all my veins!—
 Spring in alarm my hopes and fears;
 With sounds unusual ring my ears.
 And from my cheek the colour flies;
 And all of sight has left my eyes.
 My voice is gone,—and swims my head,—
 I seem, as life itself were fled.
 When, lo! the Sage who set aright
 My course, appears again in sight.
 And high aloft he lifts his hand,
 And wide he waves his magic wand.
 I glow again—my fears are borne
 Swift, as retreat the dreams of morn:
 I enter, gazing round and round,
 As treading consecrated ground.

Here I behold each emblem fair
 Of every art and science rare.
 There a gay vessel charms my sight,
 In pearls, and glittering diamonds bright,
 A ship's fair model, emblem made
 Of commerce, far and wide display'd;
 And relicks rare of ancient times,
 And stones and gems of distant climes,
 And silks of more than Tyrian dyes,
 And flow'rs, and fruits of warmest skies.
 Now gazing on from side to side,
 I pierce a forest's branching pride.
 And every tree of living hue
 Spreads its full honours to the view.
 Here rise the poplar's silvery lines,
 And ash with scarlet berries shines;
 The cypress walk, for lovers made,
 And cedar's deep religious shade.

The chesnut's dark umbrageous green;
 With many a flowery gem between,
 Doth each its daintiest verdure spread,
 Lifting aloft the towering head.
 But above all conspicuous stands,
 And wide its reverend arms expands,
 As it a thousand years had stood,
 The oak, great monarch of the wood.
 And many a youth, and many a maid,
 Were dancing in the chequer'd shade.
 While by woodside, on mountain steep,
 Wander'd a flock of snow-white sheep;
 And sidelong stretch'd a shepherd gay,
 Piping his sweetest pastoral lay.
 Still I advance—till soon I gain,
 In musing lost, a spacious plain.
 When thus my old magician-friend,
 Pilgrim, lo! here thy wanderings end.

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I look, and full before my eyes,
 A thousand thousand glories rise.
 High seated on a stately throne,
 THAT FORM divinely glorious shone ;
 Shone out THAT FORM transcendent-bright,
 That whilom charm'd my ravish'd sight ;
 Which I had sought, but never found,
 Tho' wandering wild the world around ;
 Which still could every care beguile ;—
 And she was goddess of the isle.
 On either side a brilliant band
 In silent adoration stand,
 The highborn natives of the isle,
 And strangers, from a distant soil ;
 —For far and wide was spread her fame,
 And all who knew, rever'd the name.—
 And here of every land and tongue,
 Were masters of the mighty song ;

All proud to lift their loftiest lays,
And found this heavenly Lady's praise.
I hear the warblings of the lyre,
As teeming with Apollo's fire.
The deep mouth'd organ's peal I hear,
As tho' Cecilia's soul were near.
I hear the trumpet's martial sound,
As warrior-souls were thronging round.
And the drum's longest, loudest beat,
As when two hostile armies meet.
I hear the melting lute complain,
As telling Love's delicious pain.
And thousand voices too I hear,
Loud and strong, and soft and clear,
All in one mighty theme combine,
All in symphonious chorus join.
Deep rolls the stream of sound along,
In the full majesty of song.

And still the descant's boldest lays
Clos'd with the burden of her praise.

But, ah! not splendid scenes alone,
And Peace's milder lustre shone;
Nor only Plenty's form appears;
Nor only Music charms the ears.
Hark! I hear—not distant far
March'd the Giant Fiend of war.
Yonder roll'd the kindled forms,
Yonder strode the warrior forms.
Arms against arms embattled clang,
And with wild shouts the mountain rang.
Who may the warrior's pride control?—
Lavish, too lavish of the soul,
Lo! many a gallant hero slain,
And blood empurples all the slain.

Faint, and more faint they draw their breath,
 And, hark ! the mighty groan in death.
 While famish'd eagles hovering round
 Drink life-blood from each gasping wound.
 In vain for fires the children mourn,
 And wives expect their lords return.
 Quick thro' their veins the spirits flee,
 Nor wife, nor child, they more shall see.

New horrors rise !—Behold a throng
 Of hapless negroes trail along ;
 From native lands the sufferers go,
 To nurse their long, long tale of woe ;
 In distant realms, to toil unknown ;
 To pour unheard the secret groan ;
 To wear the vile tremendous chain ;
 And linger life away in pain.

Rest of the dear delights of life,
 Friend, parent, husband, child, and wife;
 Like the poor refuse of their race,
 Labour their all, and long disgrace.
 And e'en where splendid scenes arise,
 While Peace looks on with smiling eyes,
 Where Plenty's cheerful form appears,
 And sweetest music charms the ears,
 Many a feeble form I view,
 And many a cheek of pallid hue.
 Want was there, and trembling Age
 Pining in life's last lingering stage.
 And, e'en amid the tuneful throng
 Was many a son of rapturous song,
 But mute as tho' the Muses' fires
 Ne'er warm'd their hearts, or rous'd their lyres.
 In vain sweet measures thrill around;
 In vain the swell and pomp of sound;

What shall the soul all-hopeless cheer?

The numbers die upon their ear.

Silent they sat, while thro' their souls

A tide of mighty sorrows rolls.

I now, with slow and awful pace,

Approach the Lady of the place :

When, sudden on my wondering eyes,

I see a curious structure rise :

A high triumphant arch, that wears

The beauteous reverend pomp of years :

—As when, in Grecia's happier days,

The conqu'ror claim'd his wreath of praise,

And, in gay triumphs, proud to ride,

With vanquish'd warriors by his side—

High o'er the arch distinctly shone,

An emblem of the glorious sun :

Six wandering stars, with motion flow,
All in different orbits go.
Above, another errant light,
Holds on its course, all paly-bright :
With orbit wide, and vast his size,
He looks the monarch of the skies.
Soon o'er the plain, through all the rows,
A busy bustling tumult glows :
And soon again, with martial grace,
Each closes in his destin'd place.
And two and two, and hand in hand,
In grand procession moves the band.
And trophies proud they bear along,
Rousing the clash of martial song.
And as with stately tread they march,
Ere yet they pass the solemn arch,
Each bow'd before that seventh light,
That held from far his paly light.

Of orbit wide, and largest size,
That look'd the monarch of the skies,

Lo! past is all the crowd along,
And sunk the swell of martial song.
And now alone upon the plain
I with that awful queen remain,
The goddess fair, so heav'nly bright,
That first in vision met my sight.
What shall the generous soul affray?
I tread resolv'd the arduous way.
Love can doubts and fears control;
And give new vigour to the soul.

Nearer and nearer still I drew,
To yield this goddess homage due;
To tell her how in toil and pain,
I fought her true, tho' fought in vain,

Now gently urg'd, now wildly hurl'd,
 Had travell'd restless round the world,
 Her vision'd form my only rest,
 And she the fire, that warm'd my breast.
 —But, oh! what tortures rack my soul!
 How wild and wild my eyeballs roll!
 I view her near,—and still more near;—
 Then stand a statue, chill'd with fear.
 Clos'd were her eyes to all around,
 And in a golden bandage bound;
 Nor could she voice of mortal hear;
 A death-like deafness bound her ear.
 While from her lips, to seal her tongue,
 A vile inglorious Padlock hung.
 I struggle,—but in vain,—for breath,—
 I seem as in the grasp of death.
 To Heav'n I lift my burning eyes;—
 I start!—and lo! the vision flies.

ALFRED.

I.

Ah! why should Song, enchanting Song,
 Her vot'ries lead thro' Error's maze?
 Why Flattery, poisoning future days,
 Give pride those laurels that to truth belong?
 Avaunt, thou bard of ancient time!
 I hate the base insidious Lyre,
 That bids the dazzled crowds retire,
 While tyrants sit as gods sublime.

II.

I love the man of generous frame,
 Who teems with love of human kind,
 Who leaves the vulgar great behind,
 And scorns the splendid treach'ries of a name.

Heroes have bask'd, a serpent-brood,
 Hatch'd by Ambition's baneful ray;
 Conqu'rors, high-mail'd in war array,
 Have reel'd, mere dæmons, drunk with blood.

III.

Where Discord holds her torch on high,
 Recount the warrior Romans dead,
 The blood of generous Britons shed,
 O'er vassal sons hear humbled Gallia sigh:
 How streams the Rhine with German gore!
 Let Cæsar mount the victor's car;—
 And Rome, amid the spoils of war,
 Her conqu'ror, and the world's, adore.

IV.

Ah! vain the pomp, th' imperial sway!
 When Justice takes her watchful stand,

Actions she weighs with patient hand,
 Nor will she rashly throw her palms away.
 She spurns the mad heroic race!—

And oft, while pæans rend the skies,
 While altars breathing incense rise,
 The conqu'ror marks for long disgrace.

V.

Yet, Fame, thy fair Elysium raise,
 And Genius, cull thy wreath of flowers,
 And, seated in unfading bowers,
 Alfred, ennobled shine through endless days!
 I see, I scale the mount sublime!
 Loft in the beams of heavenly light,
 I see 'mid streams, as crystal bright,
 The bards, who rais'd the lofty rhyme.

VI.

“ Bleft, Alfred, be thy honour’d name,
 “ (A people’s voice of praise is sweet)
 “ And sweet the songs, his ear that greet,
 “ The Prince, whose bosom glows with Free-
 dom’s flame.
 “ Still blossom, ’mid the lapse of years,
 “ The laurels wreath’d on Virtue’s brow;
 “ In richer pride her honours blow,
 “ And age her memory but endears..

VII.

“ See Britain rising from her seat,
 “ Proud of her rights, and equal laws,
 “ Ardent in Freedom’s sacred cause :—
 She found thee wise, and has proclaim’d thee
 great.

" 'Twas thine each citizen to fire ;
 " They pant the thirsty lance to wield ;
 " They rush impetuous to the field ;
 " And Freedom sees her foes expire."

VIII.

They ceas'd—and cease the lyric strain :—
 For Alfred lives to bless no more ;
 Though still, its day of splendor o'er,
 Downward the sun but sinks to rise again.
 Thus Alfred shines in deathless fame,
 And darting golden glories high,
 Still marches stately through the sky,
 While gazing nations bless his name.

P. S. This poem was originally a kind of vision relating to Alfred : it was afterward addressed to Major Cartwright, and published in the *Annual Anthology*.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION
OF
POLLY WHITEHEAD.

As lately I slept, ere yet approach'd the night,
Not one lively dream would my slumbers delight,
But screams rend my ears, and horrors fill my sight,
For ghosts, furies, devils, around seem'd to fight.

So I startled and groan'd,

And I sigh'd, and I moan'd,

Then round about I tumbled,

And I rumbled, and jumbled ;—

But, I was all alone, and so no one could I fright.

Then I wake and get up, and my pillow duly spread,
Till furies and devils are all fairly fled ;

When a funeral procession succeeds in their stead,
So now solemn fancies get into my head.

And thus straight I began ;

“ What, alas ! is poor man,

“ Or what woman, who shares

“ All his griefs, and his cares ?” .

And a sad flood of tears, I in sympathy shed.

Methought I was walking, as poets oft do,

Of sweet country air to drink one gale or two,

On the city new road, 'mid folks not a few,

Husbands, wives with their bantlings, and sweet-

hearts so true.

And when now I look back,

What a crowd all in black !

And from Moorfields they pad,

Silent, solemn, and sad,

For Bunhill-field's burying-ground they have in
view.

So curious and thoughtful, I now take my stand,

With a troop of old gossips, a newsmongering band,

Who, without much ado make me soon understand;
 What a terrible ill has befallen the land ;

An ill, that rich and poor
 Would have reason to deplore,
 That to dames of each degree
 Would be cause of misery.

And we alike had cause to fear, lest we should be
 trepann'd ;—

And all London they knew, and all London's wife,
 Who liv'd happy couples, and who liv'd in strife,
 What wives were a-breeding, where cuckolds were
 rife,

Rogues soon to be hung, fairs departing this life :
 So all at once they tell
 How a lily-white belle,
 Oh! the dearest dear creature,
 And so lamb-like in feature,
 Had just been cut up by death's murd'rous knife.

To thousands and thousands this Polly was dear,
 And thousands for Polly will now shed the tear,
 As soon, if you look, will be now made appear;
 For the groaners and mourners will all soon be here.

And so by me they move,
 All lamenting their love;
 And they seem'd to abound,
 As ants cover the ground,
 Sad black-tufted knights, whom, ah! nothing will
 cheer.

First the stationers come, and with great cause to
 mourn,

For since Polly travels to that dismal bourne,
 From which mortals more, ah! never shall return,
 Alas! they are not able a penny more to earn.
 They must now shut up their hall,
 Or on some new scheme must fall,

And never more look gay,
 On a lord-mayor's merry day,
 So their ink they throw away, and their pens all
 they will burn.

And now come of authors a tribe great and small,
 With great sence, and little sence, and no sence at all;
 They must now give o'er writing, or get themselves
 in thrall;

So all the land will now in Egypt's darkness crawl.
 For no more will they write,
 Nor give a wink of light;
 Henceforth they must turn ushers,
 Or sloop to be bumbrushers,
 Apothecaries, priests, or clerks, as it may fall.

The printers now succeed all in lamentable taking,
 For since Polly Whitehead this world is now for-
 faking,

All their presses must stand still, every soul will soon
be breaking,

Since printing first began, there was never such
heart-aching.

See compositors all go,

With their heads quite crack'd with woe ;

And the pressmen, saucy race,

Who oft smack'd Polly's face,

But now, for all their airs, they are awkward faces
making.

Next their journeymen, their 'prentices, and devils
follow all,

And, ah ! where shall they fly ? to whom for succour
call ?

Ev'ry shop is now shut up, there's not left a single
fall,

And when masters thus all fail, soon their servants
too must fall.

Tears, like show'rs trickling flow,

Wild and wild is their woe,

Who for poor men will feel ?

They must dig, beg, or steal :

In limbo when they get, who will take them from
their thrall ?

Next a troop of bookbinders appear full in view,

And as sorrowful as any, to give them all their due :

For as husbands, who oft make their wives black
and blue,

When their dearies once are dead, then their follies
quickly rue.

Thus the book-binding trade,

Did lament the dear maid ;

For, alas ! they had lump'd her,

They had pinch'd her, and thump'd her ;

And so to all comfort they now bid adieu.

The booksellers next follow, and a comely-looking
band,

From the Row, Paul's Church-yard, Cheapside and
the Strand ;

How deep, alas ! their woe ! all their trade 's now
at a stand—

For she is now no more, who their every hope once
fann'd.

For, ah ! not, as heretofore,

Can they feast their authors more ;

For since Polly dear is dead,

All their profits now are fled ;

So Old England they will leave, to seek some other
land.

Newspaper-folks now follow to see poor Polly's end,
Who, when the mourning's over, their course away
will bend :

Their preſſes all are ſtill, and the times will never mend;
 And not a newſman more their bloody news will
 vend.

Huſh'd now is all their fun,
 Clos'd their bag of Helicon;
 They care not now a pin,
 Who's out, or who is in;
 And their columns now no more they with ladies
 routs diſtend.

Now come Old England's friends, who, while Polly
 was alive,
 Hop'd that Alfred's laws and England together
 would revive.

To ſpread the people's rights they did boldly once
 contrive;
 But now 'tis o'er, the die is caſt, and they no more
 will ſtrive.

Old Nick may have the law,
 That but crams a premier's maw;
 For, since Polly dear is dead,
 Every hope of Freedom's fled ;

And the bees will now leave England, where none
 but drones will hive.

And, lo! the last in order I behold the poet-
 train ;

Some who work'd about the drama, some who
 plied the epic strain ;

Some who heroes lov'd to tickle, some who sooth'd
 the lover's pain ;

And some, who wrote for glory, and some who
 wrote for gain.

Had fate but left to choose,
 They had rather lost the Muse,

Or for Phœbus, god of song,

Padded, moping thus along ;

Their hearts will all be broken, and turn'd be every
brain.

So ready now I stand, with my sympathetic tear,

Having just ek'd out an ode, to welcome the new
year ;

And, as an undertaker's shop to me was very near,

I got a gown and hatband, and jostled in the rear.

“ So poets, with your leave,

“ I come with you to grieve :

“ The humblest of your train,

“ Greatest cause has to complain ;

“ For Polly I could die, she was my dearest dear.”

So now all pale and sad we approach the burying-
ground,

And sighings sad, and groanings deep, and wailings
wild abound,

or stout and brawny Irishmen were howling all
around ;

And they, dear hearts, for Polly fair will raise their
country's found.

The priest begins to read,

But, good foul, cannot proceed ;

And to heav'n he casts a look,

And then down he drops his book ;

For he can't pray, nor read, nor yet his text ex-
pound.

So now we waddle back, a woe-bewilder'd throng,
Heads drooping, hands wringing, ah ! how we
creep along.

And I tried my skill in elegiac song,

For sad strains suit weak souls, as lofty do the strong.

For most woeful bard am I,

Who by instinct seem to cry.

—So to soothe my secret pain,
I penn'd down a mournful strain *,
Which did of right, thro' Britain wide, to mourners
all belong.

* The Elegy was published in the Morning Chronicle a few months ago.

A MONODY.

ON THE
DEATH OF PENELOPE TROTTER.

RIGHT well have learned doctors shewn
That one grief never comes alone;
But, as the rain comes pattering down,
Stream after stream upon your crown,
So man no sooner one gripe feels,
Than t'other nips him by the heels;
Till we scarce know, tho' grieve we must,
Where to begin our tale of sorrow first.

Ah! lack and a-well-a-day!

I erst who wet poor Polly Whitehead's clay

With tears so hot, must now, alas! shed hotter;
For Death has tripp'd the heels of Peny Trotter.

Nor I alone—all London, sad at heart,

Doffs the gay robe, and takes the garb of woe,
And tears, as from their springs the waters start,
From East. West, North, and South, are seen
to flow.

For ten miles London round was Peny known,
No dame East, West, North, South, so bright in
fame :

To young and old alike her love was shewn,
And all expectant stood at Peny's name.

She was not young, yet mov'd with nimble feet ;
Aged she was not, though in mind a sage :
Her youth retain'd whate'er of youth is sweet,
As erst her youth what gains respect in age.

She frisk'd not, while a girl, in girlish mood,
Nor kiss'd and toy'd, as maids are wont to do ;

Nor on the road e'er linger'd to be woo'd,
 And knew her duty better than to woo.

Her errand done, she had no gossip's tale;
 But would with maiden modesty retire;
 And tho' perchance she took a cup of ale,
 Stopt not, to slumber near the kitchen fire.

This bustling life for many a year she led,
 True as the needle thus her duty plied;
 And thousand, thousand masters droop the head,
 For ne'er than Pen a trustier servant died.

Oh! calmer dear of Grief,
 Sweet Melancholy, come;
 What now may yield relief,
 While Pen lies in the tomb?
 What but thy pensive air,
 Meek eye, and brow of care,

Thy liquid eye, thy melting strain,
 And the light visions of thy brain,
 The forms, that to thy midnight-musings throng,
 And fill with unpremeditated song?

But how shall I relate
 The wayward cruelties of fate?
 How in indignant verse
 Pen's hapless end rehearse?
 For not, as gentle dames should die, she died,
 Peaceful, upon her bed;
 But while on duty bent she hied,
 Behold her dead!
 Her snow-white flesh by hands most cruel whipt,
 Till of her very skin the maid is stript!

But who were they, what tyger men,
 That laid their fangs on honest Pen?

No vulgar ruffians they,
 Who prowl on the highway,
 Or clap, amid your midnight rest,
 The felon-pistol to your breast.
 No, it was none of these,
 Nor was it dire disease,
 Fever, catarrh, or spasm, or cholic,
 Nor any young and wanton frolic;
 Nor did intemp'rance ply the venom'd cup,
 —Pen there would never take above a sup,
 Satan could not have made her drink it up.—

No—furer, quicker than all these,
 Than pistol, dagger, or than tyger-claw,
 Than foul intemp'rance, or than rank disease,
 The wretch, that murder'd Pen, was—LAW.

Oh! Law, tho' sages are so fond to prove,
 That thou in nature's bosom hast thy seat,

And that thy voice, inspiring awe and love,
 Preserves the world in harmony complete ;
 That heav'n and earth to thee their homage pay,
 That great and small alike thy care employ,
 That ev'ry being gladly owns thy sway,
 And hails thee mother of their peace and
 joy ;

Yet art not thou too often made,
 By man, that debauchee, a jade,
 Quite marr'd and jarr'd in ev'ry feature,
 The veriest, foulest, most discordant creature,
 Whirling the world about in strife,
 Bursting the dearest bonds of life ;
 Lumping, and thumping each rebellious elf,
 A bolder rebel still thyself?—
 —If, when my eyes are lock'd in sleep,
 Thou near me dost thy vigils keep,

Why, then I prize thee more than all my
wealth,

And am content to drink thy health;

But, if thou canst embastille honest men,

And kill so good a soul as honest Pen;

Then, to be plain, I'll make no fuss about
you;

Ma'am, I had rather live without you.

THE END.

POSTSCRIPT.

I shall obtrude no more of my dreams now on my readers, but suppress several of very great importance.—The Northern Meteors—The Milky Way—The Hall of Valhala—The Sea Serpent—The Buffoon Minstrel—An Extraordinary Dragon, whose death was occasioned by a bird's settling on its head, and dropping on it a most singular kind of kernel—The feed of the Dragon, that springs from the blood of the parent-monster. And also prophecies, more particularly one intituled, The Ghost of William Penn, that appeared to me in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia.

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